

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

MAY 1949

The 75th
KENTUCKY DERBY

BY BILL CORUM

**CLEVELAND—
CONVENTION CITY**

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

COVER DESIGN:
CLEVELAND TERMINAL BUILDINGS GROUP





For 109 years in Canada, now a product of U. S. A., too.

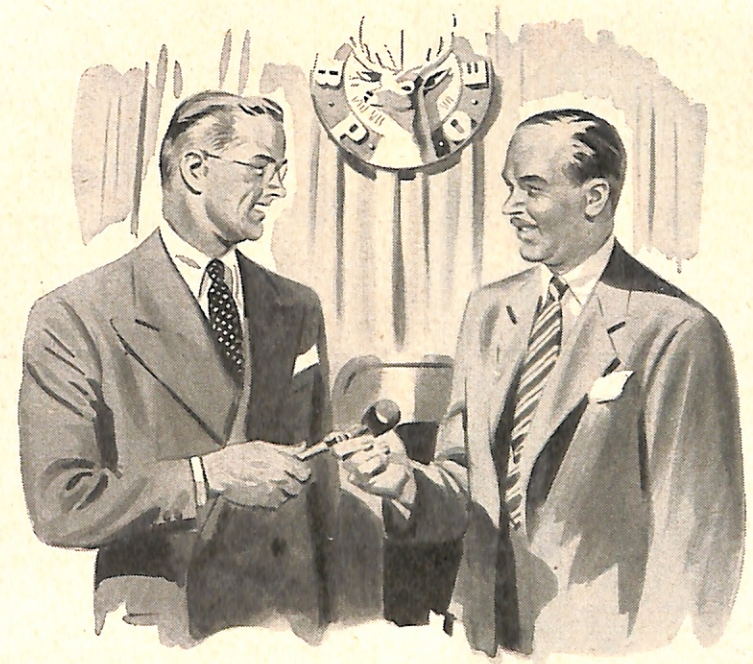
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... Let the jolly Red Cap remind you to call for Carling's.

As you can see, somebody is about to have a fine time for himself. **CARLING'S Red Cap ALE**
BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, OHIO

A message from

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

**The Grand Exalted Ruler
gives advice to our new
lodge leaders who took
office last month.**



A NEW subordinate lodge year is now upon us. The election of the officers of all of our lodges has been concluded and the installations of the Brothers who will guide the destinies of our respective lodges have been held.

Permit me, as your Presiding Officer, to extend my grateful thanks and the sincere appreciation of all of our Brothers to those who have retired from office, and to express the fervent hope that they will continue to remain actively associated with us, thereby giving to the lodges and their membership the benefit of their experience and advice so essential to our continued success.

To the newly installed Exalted Rulers and officers I desire to extend my heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a most successful term of office. Our Exalted Rulers should appreciate the great honor that the Brothers of their respective lodges are conferring upon them in their selection, and I cannot stress too strongly that much of the progress of the subordinate lodge depends upon the leadership and direction of its presiding officer. When a real live Brother heads up a lodge and gives to its membership the benefit of his services and experience, the success of that lodge is assured. Second in importance to the Exalted Ruler is the Secretary of a lodge. I have stressed frequently that he should, in addition to receiving dues, also act as a collector, and his first duty should be to urge upon the Brothers the necessity of prompt payment of dues, thereby solving the problem of lapsation.

And may I add a word to the officers of our subordinate lodges who will be taking part in our ritualistic ceremonies, particularly initiations. We must all bear in mind that the first impressions are the most lasting, and if our officers will learn their rituals and deliver them in such a manner as to impress our candidates, we will do much to retain the interest of the candidates in our Order.

In closing my message I want to say a word to our Brothers, the members of our various subordinate lodges. The work of your new officers will be much easier if you will give to them your support and cooperation. Attend your meetings frequently and become a real active member of our Fraternity and of your lodge. I regret sincerely that I cannot talk personally to all of our Brothers during my year of office, but realizing that they all read *The Elks Magazine*, I am using this month's edition for the purpose of urging them to continue their interest in our Order, in the hope that when I turn over the reins of office to my successor at Cleveland in July, I will be able to report to our Fraternity that we have enjoyed one of the outstanding years in our history.

George I. Hall
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GRAND EXALTED RULER



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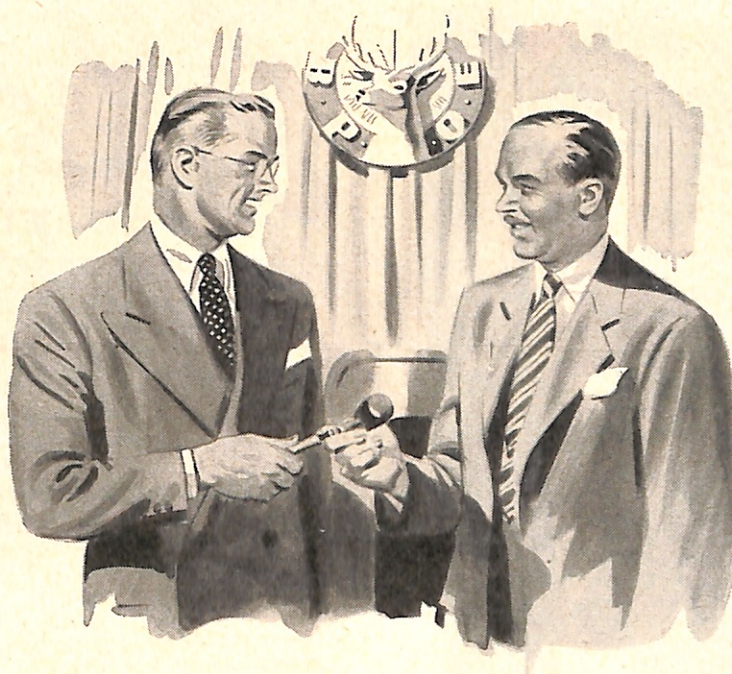
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NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Cleveland's waterfront is one of the famous sights of the Middlewest. The Terminal Tower is at the right.

Cleveland

Convention City

**The 1949 Grand Lodge Convention
will be held in an unusual city,
renowned for its civic spirit.**

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

WHEN the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics was searching out a site for the government's great new flight propulsion laboratory, where aviation's future history would be made, practically every city in the country eagerly solicited this \$35,000,000 prestige-building and profitable plum. The canny Committee, wise to the ways of politicians, gave serious consideration to 62 cities, investigating them from sewer to skyline. After five dozen chambers of commerce for months had nervously chewed their collective fingernails the Committee finally rendered its decision. The site would be Cleveland.

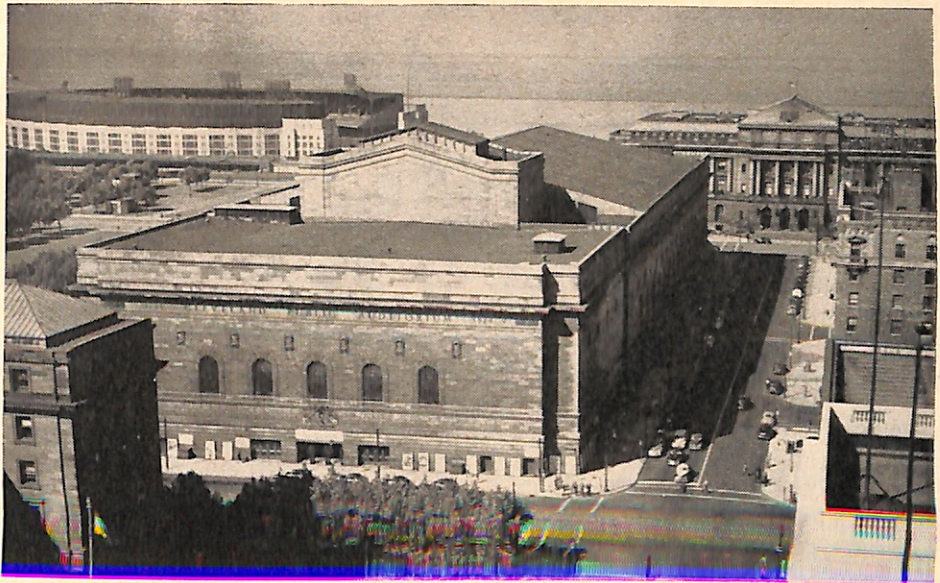
This pleased but did not surprise Clevelanders, any more than did the announced reason. The city had been picked, the Committee said, because it offered "a combination of advantages". What the Committee doubtless meant were such practical considerations as an excellent labor

supply, a central position, a vast aircraft parts industry and the world's largest municipal airport.

But to the rank-and-file of Clevelanders who are, aside from San Franciscans, the most aggressively civic people in the country, what the Committee meant was simply what they already believed, that Cleveland is the best of all possible places in the United States in which to work and live.

The civic spirit of Cleveland, Ohio, is a vast and, to some visitors, a frightening thing. Strangers in the city asking directions of policemen, cab drivers or even bartenders often get the information they seek only after a thorough fill-in on the superb scholastic standing of Western Reserve University, the excellence of the string section of the Cleveland Symphony and the progress of a new home-town method of settling labor disputes. Recently a visitor inquiring of a doorman the way to the great Cleveland Clinic (2nd largest in U.S.) was advised to stop first at the city's fabulous Health Museum (first in the Western Hemisphere), the Museum of Art (a single \$5,000,000 collection includes El Greco's "Holy Family" and Van Dyck's "Sir Thomas Hammer"), the top of Terminal Tower (seventh largest building, 708 feet tall), Nela Park (General Electric's laboratory of lighting) and an assortment of other attractions which, grouped together, would be billed anywhere else as a World's Fair.

Cleveland is indeed unusual. Essentially a factory and shipping town it is often smoky and hot in summer and smoky and cold in winter. It



One of the city's major attractions is the Cleveland Public Hall.

is a city spread out over all creation, hour-glassed in the middle like a wasp-waisted woman. A huge, smoke belching steel mill and its ball parks are closer to its public square than a dozen major hotels. Most of its buildings are homely, but alongside them are others of breathtaking beauty, unsurpassed anywhere. Dyed-in-the-wool conservative, it is proud of the defend-to-death-their-right-to-say-it editors like *The News'* Nathaniel Howard.

Cleveland is a city where, on Christmas, carols are sung through the streets. It produced Florence Allen, the first woman Supreme Court judge. There Cole Porter wrote

"Night and Day" and there the first Community Chest and Community Trust were born. There New York's Metropolitan Opera draws its biggest audiences—9,500—and makes the most money. It is a city where a beautiful ivy-covered building worthy of a university campus turns out to be a masquerading filtration plant. When a group of Cleveland business and professional men—all over 50—decided they were ignorant of the English novel they hired a professor to meet with them once a week and tell them about it.

Cleveland is the city of John D. Rockefeller I, of diplomats John Jay
(Continued on page 6)



A sylvan retreat at Shaker Lake.



Garfield Monument in Lakeview Cemetery.



Cleveland's Museum of Art is renowned throughout the state.

and Myron T. Herrick, of World War I Secretary Newton D. Baker and of Mark Hanna; of Severance, Mather, Halle, Bolton, the brothers Van Sweringen, Bingham and Harkness. No Astor, Gates or Morgan made money faster than some of these or used it more wisely. For Cleveland is a hard-boiled business city with a social conscience, where culture is spelled without a capital C.

One measure of a city is its cultural enterprise and in Cleveland new ones seem to pop up daily. Some sort of a record was made when Cleveland College announced a new degree, Ph.A., Associate of Philosophy, which men and women who never got beyond the seventh grade may earn in a special study course.

THE English say of Americans that when two are gathered together they call a meeting; if there are three they hold a convention. When three Clevelanders get together they start a museum, a school or a Little Theater. Especially a Little Theater. The city has scores of enterprising thespian groups, topped by the nationally famed Playhouse, rehearsing and performing like mad. When these proved insufficient Cleveland Heights started a municipal community theater, Cain Park, to show its citizens, at less than the price of a movie, that there is more to drama than meets the lens of a Hollywood camera. Cain Park audiences aver-

age 2,200, topping most shows on Broadway.

Americans traveling abroad are fond of bragging about Cleveland not because it is different from other cities but because its differences seem to be so overwhelming in number and astonishing in variety.

Item: Norma Wulff, president of the School Board, who rises at six in the morning to get her housework done before breezing at cyclonic speed through her duties embracing the city's vast school system. She eats breakfast and does the dishes with a telephone hooked to her shoulder while she consults with teachers, principals and influential P.T.A. members. She cleaned up political corruption in the schools after a single-handed battle in which some Board members tried to discourage her attendance at meetings by telling smutty jokes in her presence. When she inspects a school she checks it from the furnace to the roof. And Cleveland schools are so up-to-date some classes are taught by short-wave radio.

Item: The Cleveland Baseball Federation which spends \$500,000 a year to provide sandlot baseball for the city's youngsters. The Federation is spark-plugged by William T. Duggan, who was orphaned as a youngster and drifted into a gang which was building a reputation for petty thefts. A knowing fireman taught Duggan and his pals to play base-

ball and it made a new person of him. He never forgot it. When he grew older he persuaded the city to provide land where kids could play. Then he appealed to businessmen to put up equipment. Now, with nearly 850 sandlot teams in play, Cleveland is one of the best organized baseball cities in the country.

Item: The Cleveland Health Museum, less than a decade old, where people of any age may learn about diet, childbirth and how the human body operates. To see how the blood circulates the visitor pushes a button and watches it happen in a model before him. The museum has a heart that never stops beating. A transparent plastic man, lighted from inside in a darkened room shows veins, viscera, skeleton and nervous system. And 100 model embryos include twins and even quintuplets like the Dionnes. There is no question a youngster or oldster can think of about the human body (there are even classes for expectant fathers) that isn't answered in dramatic displays, usually with a push-a-button-and-make-it-work gadget that rivals amusement parks in entertainment value. It may be the country's only museum without a single guard or "Do Not Touch" Sign.

Item: Dismayed because everyone in Cleveland couldn't get to his museum of Natural History, Director Kenneth Disher got an ordinary house trailer, remodelled it and sent it around the city with a load of rocks and stuffed mamalia. In two months 38,295 enthusiastic fossil fans had jammed this world's first traveling natural history museum.

Item: When Cleveland recreation specialists learned of a sharp divorce rate jump they organized family days at city facilities. Swimming pools, playgrounds and gymnasias were set aside for family groups only, and parents who literally hadn't played with their children in years showed up and discovered that families could be fun, too. Applicants for participation soon swamped the facilities. Ceramics and other hand-craft classes were organized. One little girl wanting a new dress enrolled her mother in a sewing class. Even mother and daughter ballets proved popular. One orphaned youngster solved the family-only restriction by showing up with his grandfather.

Item: The city's enterprising Lincoln Electric Company turns out four times as much product as many of its competitors through a system of incentive employee payments enabling some of its happy machinists to earn \$9,000 a year. In one year-end distribution 1,100 Lincoln employees received \$3,000,000 in earned bonuses, more than their total regular wages for the year.

Item: The city is garden-mad. No one knows how many gardening organizations flourish in Cleveland (there are at least eight Negro garden clubs) but every citizen knows that its 12,000-acre Metropolitan Park System is the world's finest,



Cleveland Stadium, where the World-Champion Indians play.

in the world?" Then he wrote his check for \$50 as a starting contribution.

That was the only subsidy the group ever received. Inspired, they named themselves the Gilpin Players and looked for a new theater, found an old poolroom, raised money for it with shows in barns and beer halls. For seats Jelliffe bought second-hand church pews on a nothing down, pay-you-when-you-catch-me plan. The seats were paid off the first season. The actors made their own scenery and costumes. Lacking lights, one youngster scrounged some five-gallon tins used by bootleggers for alcohol. Cut up, they made dandy reflectors.

When they put on a play requiring a ballet, the now famous, featured-at-World's-Fair Karamu Dancers were organized. The need for scenery started the group painting. The need for bric-a-brac props encouraged ceramics. Soon art objects were being sold between the acts to well-to-do white and black patrons. Soon, too, they began taking prizes in the Cleveland Museum's renowned May show of contemporary local art. And on Karamu's silver anniversary 600 Clevelanders turned out to honor the Jelliffes' achievement, backing up their praise with the Charles Eise-

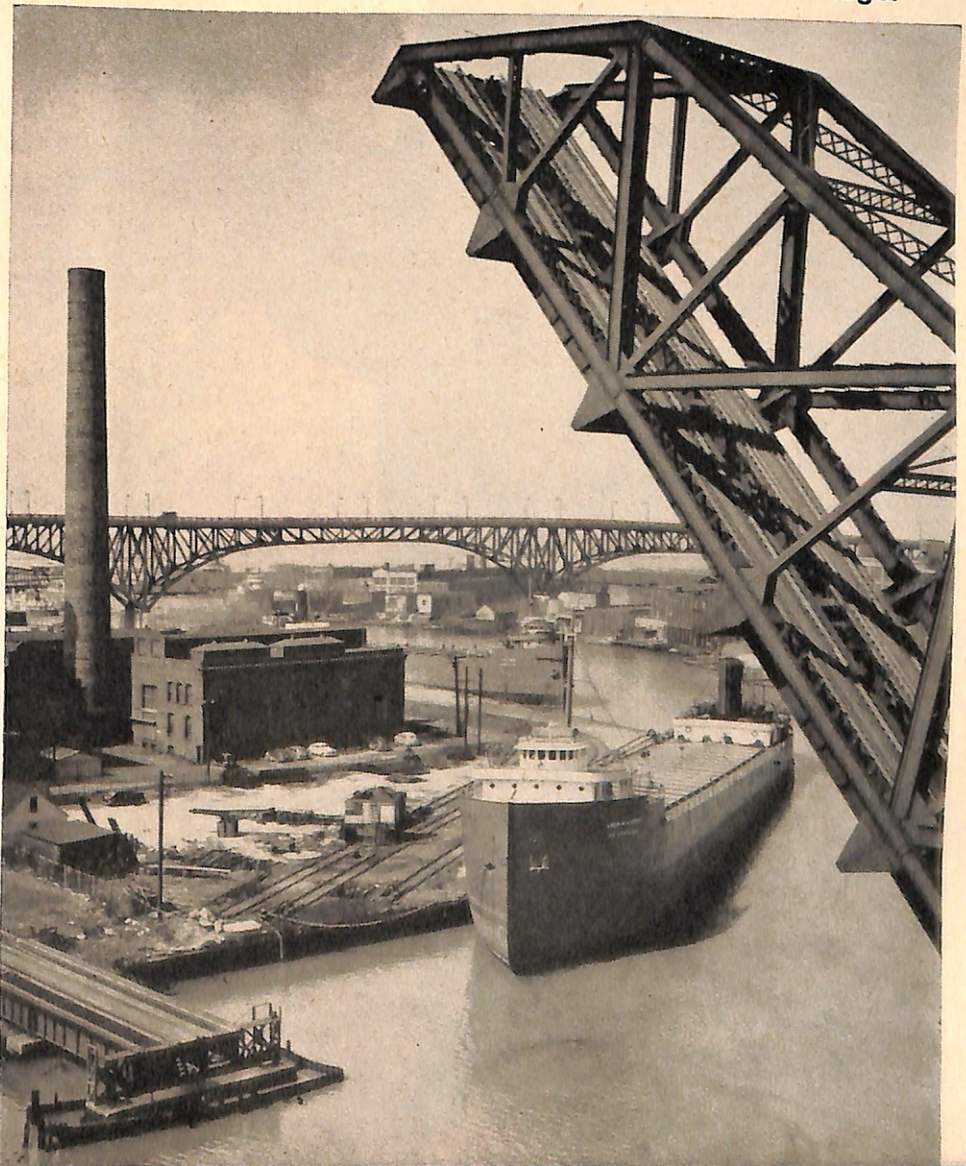
(Continued on page 42)


abounding with wildflower trails along which amateur and professional naturalists lead unending groups of fascinated children and adults. Of course, the city has a garden museum, called locally the Garden Center, complete with exhibits, lectures, a library and expert advisors. When a Clevelanders has an expectant daffodil he can count on the Garden Center to carry him through the accouchement.

Item: The city is one of the largest U. S. melting pots—some 70 per cent foreign born or descent; 10 per cent Negro—but it has never had a race riot, a record without parallel.

THE reasons for this remarkable achievement reflect other aspects of the city's greatness. One of these is Karamu House, which is a living monument to its founders, Russell and Rowena Jelliffe, and is no ordinary institution. In 1915 the Jelliffes found an abandoned funeral parlor in a dilapidated Negro neighborhood, moved in and opened a settlement house named Karamu from the Swahili for "meeting place". They progressed little until they observed that Negro art was more quickly accepted than other accomplishments. With no experience they started a children's theater and soon adults were clamoring for one too. Then one day the late, famed Charles Gilpin came to Cleveland to play Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones". After watching the Karamu group perform he asked them, "Why don't you make this the best Negro theater

A Cleveland River scene looking north from Superior Bridge.



An illustration of a man in profile, facing right. He has short, light-colored hair and is wearing a red, double-breasted coat with dark buttons. Underneath, a white shirt with a ruffled collar is visible. A thick, light-colored rope is draped around his neck. His right arm is extended forward with an open palm, and his left hand is also open, held lower. In the bottom left corner, a hand is visible holding a dark, cylindrical object, possibly a telescope or a part of a ship's equipment. The background is a plain, light color with some dark, leafy branches at the top.

BUT ONE LIFE

BY HOWARD H. PECKHAM

*"I regret that I have
but one life to give
for my country".*

THE four red-coated officers studied their cards intently. A few coins were piled in front of each player. Captain John Montresor, engineer-extraordinary attached to the headquarters of Sir William Howe, was the first to finish his scrutiny and look up. He smiled across the table at the young pink and blond Lieutenant Rutherford, newly arrived from England.

"You missed the glorious night march of your regiment when we flanked the rebels on Brooklyn Heights," he remarked pleasantly.

"Unlucky fellow that I am," the lieutenant sighed. "Veritable cattle drive, I understand."

Montresor nodded. "As soon as we landed I pointed out the pass to Sir William on my map. Simple operation after that."

The other two players exchanged glances.

"Tell us," Major Kemble asked, "how would you capture Mr. Washington now?"

Montresor answered promptly. "I would transport a division up the Hudson above him, and then we would have the fox between us. But ever since Bunker Hill I have noticed that His Excellency usually prefers to attack the direct and difficult way."

Kemble flushed at remembrance of

that costly battle. He played a card, and the others followed in turn. In the momentary silence the murmur of excited voices outside the headquarters house was audible. The players paused as they heard boots pounding in the hallway. The officer of the guard burst into the ante-room.

"The city's afire! The rebels have set fire to the city!"

The other three officers shot up from their chairs in unison, but Montresor remained sitting.

"The devil you say!" he murmured. "I never thought they'd have the courage!" Then he rose and followed the others out of the Beekman mansion. The red glow in the mid-

Illustrated by GILBERT FULLINGTON



night sky to the south of them was widespread. New York was indeed burning.

"Why don't they ring the bells?" Rutherford demanded excitedly.

"There aren't any," Kemble answered glumly. "The rebels carried them off—probably for this very purpose!"

"Fires were found burning in several places," the officer of the guard explained. "Troops above us have been ordered down to help fight it."

"Shouldn't His Excellency be notified at once?" Rutherford asked of the others.

"He's being entertained down there this evening," said Montresor drily. "If he doesn't know of the fire by now, no one can acquaint him of it."

Next morning, Saturday, Montresor was aroused with the news that the fire was under control and that General Howe had returned before dawn and was now sleeping. A heavy pall of smoke hung over the city, Montresor noticed; and some of the burned-out Loyalists were moving in carts and carriages up toward the Beekman house to seek aid from the commander-in-chief. He went to his desk and busied himself translating reports of the burned areas on to a detailed map of the city. By noon word was brought to headquarters that the last of the fires was out. He heard confused estimates of the damage: one-fourth to one-third of the lower city consumed; five hundred to a thousand persons dead, and thousands more made homeless.

Sir William appeared at lunch with his aides. A tall, heavy-framed man, he had the poise of an aristocrat accustomed to obedience. His tendency to corpulence and his red face bespoke indolence, and a slowness of manner suggested indecision. He asked for reports on the fire and scanned the map Montresor had prepared. Plainly he was annoyed by what he considered was an unprofessional manner of making war, and he was dispirited by the fresh problems which the destruction would heap upon him. Luncheon broke up early, the general went to his office with his secretary, and Montresor returned to his table in the drawing room. He wanted to write a note to his wife, who would be worried by sight of the smoke; better yet, he decided to ask for leave over Sunday.

HE HEARD the front door open, and the officer of the guard approached him. "Captain Strong is outside, sir, with a prisoner for the general to examine."

Montresor wondered why the prisoner was considered important enough to be sent to the commander-in-chief. "Send them in."

The officer ushered in the captain and between them a young civilian. By his suit of brown homespun he might have been a Dutch schoolmaster, and his clothes appeared as if he had slept in them. His blond hair was clipped short. He was mild looking, yet poised and calm. The escort handed Montresor a paper.

"This was found on him. He was taken on the shore by Captain Quarme and a boat's crew from the *Halifax* this morning. Acting suspicious, they thought. Maybe had something to do with setting the fires. The captain brought him to us. We searched him and found the paper. We think he's a spy."

Montresor studied the piece of paper. There were figures and abbreviated locations corresponding to the distribution of the British divisions. Most of the figures were fairly accurate. Montresor drew out a fresh sheet of paper and took up his quill.

"Your name, please."

"Nathan Hallowell," the young man answered.

"Occupation?"

"I was a school teacher."

"Where do you live?"

"I came here from Connecticut to escape the rebels."

"Where did you spend the night?"

"At a tavern."

"Which one?"

The man hesitated. "I could not afford a room. I slept in a garden."

"Your clothes smell of the fire."

"Yes, sir."

"I suggest that you had a hand in setting the fires."

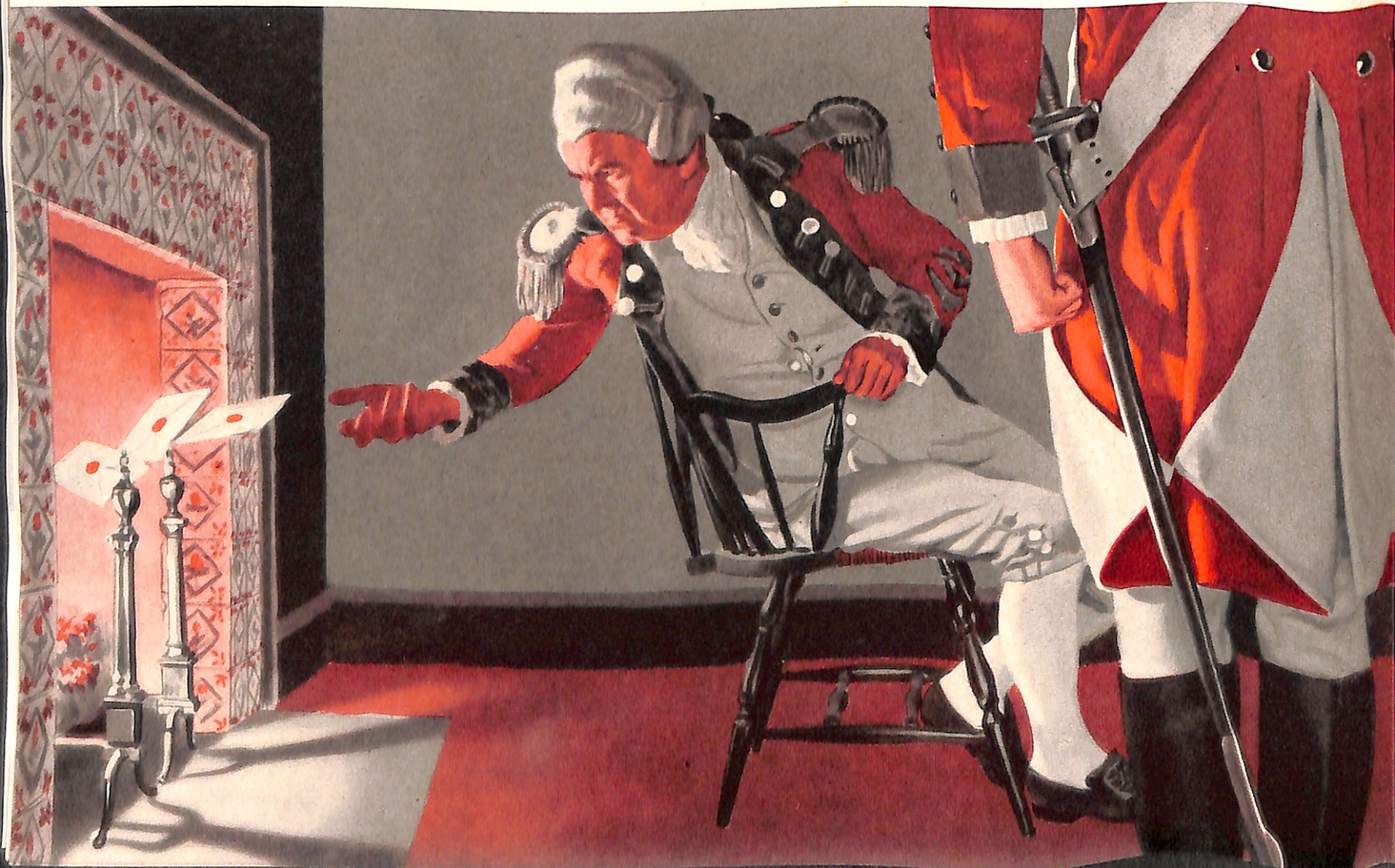
"No, sir!"

Montresor wrote down the denial. "Where were you going this morning?"

"I was trying to find a boat over to Brooklyn."

(Continued on page 51)

With that, he turned in his chair and threw the letters into the fireplace.



A CLEVELAND Welcome

City of Cleveland

March 11, 1949

THOMAS A. BURKE
MAYOR

To the Officers, Delegates and Members
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
National Convention
Cleveland, Ohio

Gentleman and Brother Elks:

I wish to extend a sincere greeting and hearty welcome in connection with the holding of your National Convention at Cleveland. Your plans to do so affords me official and personal gratification. In behalf of the City of Cleveland I wish to say that we are proud to play host to your splendid order and because of my own intimate contact with the Elks over a period of many years I cherish the opportunity for renewing old friendships.

The American people have long admired the helpfulness and brotherly love exemplified by your members. There is scarcely a city or a section of the country that has not benefited from your generosity.

We feel that Cleveland possess ideal facilities for the holding of a convention such as yours. We will do everything possible to make your stay here a pleasant one but if you find that anything has been left undone we hope you will make your requirements known.

With best wishes for the success of your convention, I am,

Yours truly,

Thomas A. Burke
Mayor



Hon. Thomas A. Burke

VISIT THE MEMORIAL BUILDING



Chicago Tribune Photo by Russell V. Hamm

The proximity of Chicago to Cleveland, Ohio, the Grand Lodge Convention City, makes a visit to the beautiful Memorial Building on Lake View Avenue of that Illinois metropolis a "must" on the sight-seeing list of every Convention delegate.

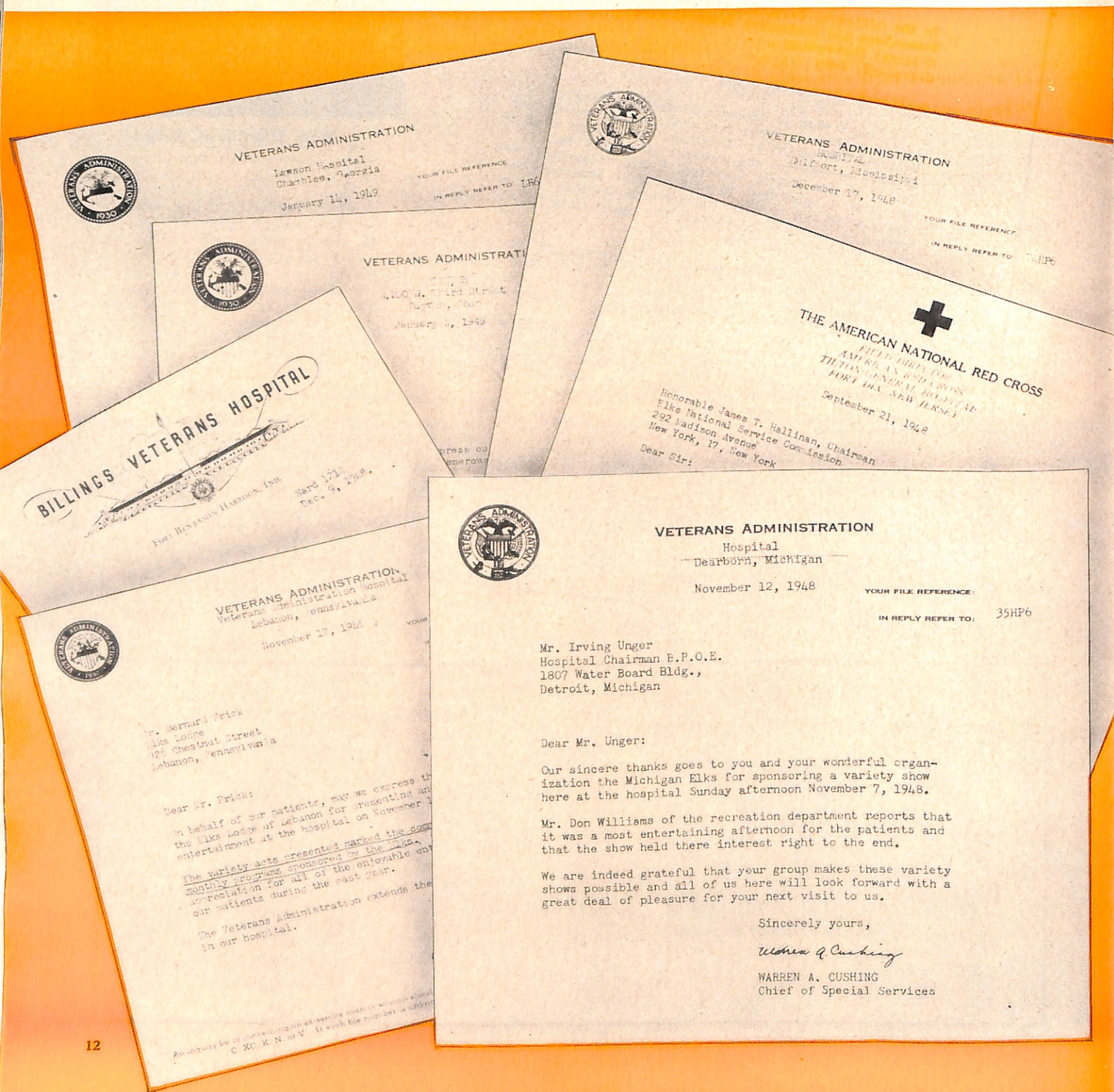
Groups of Elks on their way to and from the conclave are urged to plan excursions to Chicago so that they may not have made the trip to the Convention without taking the opportunity to see for themselves this handsome edifice.

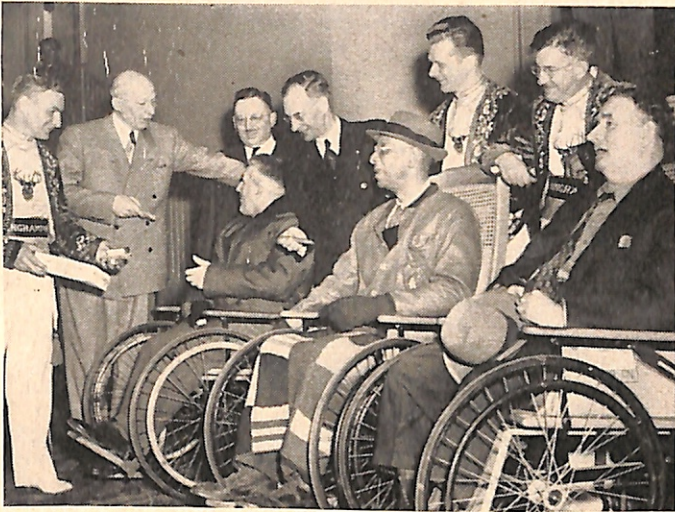
Many lodges in the vicinity of Chicago sponsor excursions to the city for baseball games and other events. If, in connection with such visits, the delegations desire to visit the Memorial Building, it would be a good idea for them to notify Supt. H. E. Allen so that he may arrange for special guidance for the party through the building.

ACTIVITIES SPONSORED BY THE ELKS



NATIONAL VETERANS SERVICE COMMISSION





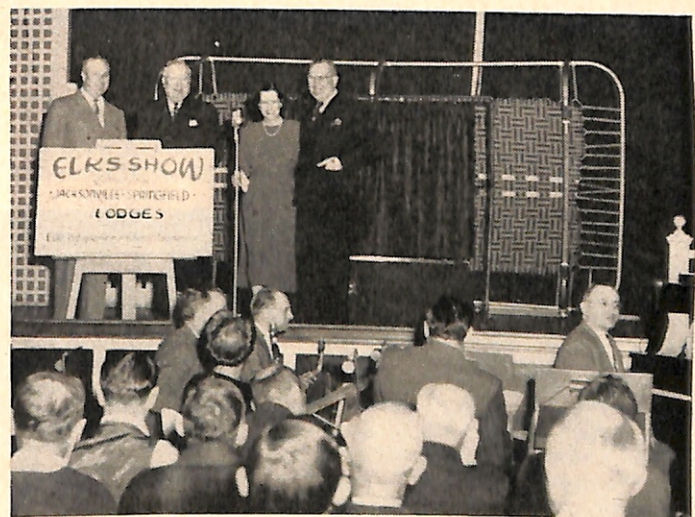
Officers and Drill Team members join members of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge's Veterans Service Committee in distributing gifts to the patients at the U. S. Veterans Facilities at Bath Hospital. This is just part of the many activities participated in by Binghamton Elks in their veterans program.



Veterans at the Wichita VA Hospital enjoy a party given for them by Elks of Wichita, Kans. There were 126 patients present and each had a royal good time at a "take-off" on the "People Are Funny" radio program, prizes for which were merchandise articles for the veterans' families.



Elks entertainment in one of the many wards of the VA Hospital, sponsored by the members of Alexandria, La., Lodge.



The Veterans Committee of Jacksonville and Springfield, Ill., Lodges provide a fine show for hospitalized veterans.



Gardner, Mass., Lodge, in cooperation with the Mass. Elks Assn.'s Hospital Committee, sponsored a splendid professional entertainment for the patients at the Rutland Veterans Hospital, before an audience of more than 300. One

of the entertainers, King Clancy, the Juggler, proved to be the father of one of the patients who hadn't met in 15 years. Their reunion gave everyone a big thrill. Eddie Clancy and his father are at the left of the front row.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

GRAND EXALTED RULER George I. Hall had the company of some of the Order's most distinguished members at the 81st Anniversary Banquet of the Order and the Mother Lodge, **NEW YORK, N. Y., NO. 1**, on February 12th. One of the most gala celebrations in years, the affair found Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, Wade H. Kepner, Henry C. Warner, David Sholtz, John F. Malley, John S. McClelland, James R. Nicholson, Edward J. McCormick, Murray Hulbert, Floyd E. Thompson, Charles S. Hart, E. Mark Sullivan, Frank J. Lonergan and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, in company with many other Grand Lodge officers and committeemen at the speakers' table. The music was provided by No. 1's well known and proficient Boys' Band and the speaking program, presented by P.E.R. Dr. L. C. Spier, included a friendly welcome from E.R. Patrick S. Mason, a stirring address by the Grand Exalted Ruler and an interesting commentary by Gene Tunney. P.E.R. Chas. J. Garrison presented a \$500 check to Chairman Hallinan of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission who, in acknowledging its receipt, praised New York Lodge and its ladies for their continued interest in assisting our veterans.

On the 14th, the Halls arrived for luncheon at the home of **WESTERLY, R. I., LODGE, NO. 678**, where they were joined by about 150 Elks and their ladies and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley and Grand Treasurer Joseph B. Kyle. Also present were many P.D.D.'s, State Pres. Richard J. Butler, D.D. Howard Goodwin and many Elk officials from Connecticut. The party then drove on to attend the banquet of **PROVIDENCE LODGE NO. 14**. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed to that city by a Troop of Boy Scouts and he presented each with an American Flag and delivered a special address to them, later talking to about 300 Elks at the lodge home.

On the 15th, a radio broadcast from Boston, Mass., early in the day, and another later on in which several noted medical men joined, promoting the Cancer Fund, occupied Mr. Hall during the hours preceding the **MASSACHUSETTS STATE ELKS ASSN.** banquet which was attended by about 1,200 men and women, with high Elk officials and civic dignitaries at the speakers' table. These included Gov. Paul A. Dever, Mayor James M. Curley, Mr. Malley, Mr. Sul-

livan, John E. Mullen, a member of the Grand Forum, Mr. Kyle, Emmett T. Anderson, a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, and Edward A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

On the following day, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Malley and Sullivan and Mr. Spry, Mr. Hall drove to the home of **BRATTLEBORO, VT., LODGE, NO. 1499**, where he addressed a group of about 300 Elks. Augmenting the crowd were D.D. Dr. Charles Houghton and State Pres. Earl Weeks. The 19th found the Grand Exalted

Ruler in Kentucky, when he attended a reception and banquet at the home of **LOUISVILLE LODGE NO. 8**, with 350 persons on hand. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner and Grand Trustee Arnold Westermann joined Mr. Hall there, as did Mr. Kyle and State Pres. George Rock and representatives from Indiana Elksdom. At this meeting, which celebrated No. 8's 72nd Anniversary, P.E.R. M. M. Hellmann presented a commission to the Grand Exalted Ruler, issued by the Governor, making him a "Kentucky Colonel".

ASHLAND, KY., LODGE, NO. 350, received a visit from Mr. Hall, Mr. Kepner and Mr. Westermann the next day, and this distinguished group attended a dinner there. On the 21st, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner, Mr. Hall attended a luncheon with the officers of the Press Club of Charleston, W. Va., followed by a meeting with the Governor of West Virginia at the Capitol in the afternoon. At 5:30 p.m., the Grand Exalted Ruler was interviewed on a radio broadcast, preceding a reception and dinner for officers and their wives. At the home of **CHARLESTON LODGE NO. 202** later on, Mr. Hall addressed about 500 Elks.

On Washington's birthday, the Halls journeyed to visit the members of
(Continued on page 34)





The annual banquet of the Mass. State Elks Assn. in Boston had these luminaries as honored guests: left to right: Gov. Paul A. Dever, State Pres. John E. Fenton, Grand Exalted Ruler Hall, and Toastmaster Joseph M. Hargedon, Asst. U. S. Attorney. (Courtesy Boston Post)



P.E.R. W. L. Apple, the Order's leader and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner witnessed E.R. C. A. Milen of Ashland, Ky., Lodge hand a check for \$1,863.39 to Grand Trustee Arnold Westermann, Chairman of the Ky. Elks Assn. Anti-tuberculosis Committee, for tuberculosis work.



A view of the hundreds of Elks and admirers of our Fraternity who attended the 81st Anniversary Banquet of the Order and New York No. 1 Lodge.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Things are moving faster than they used to.

IT DOESN'T require a submarine sonar detector to hear the moaning and groaning of characters all over the country who complain that nowadays they have to work to make a dollar. This tiresome chant reaches zenith crescendo at the Washington wailing wall and is sung mainly by people who face the dismal prospect of earning only twice as much this year as their highest pre-war ambition. They are the kind of people who pick a winning horse and then collect their bet complaining that the race wasn't close enough to give them a thrill. Every business slow-down drives them out of the woodwork; they are inconsequential.

But in this painful chorus there is an occasional plaint that is more serious. Usually it's an adolescent voice piping the familiar verse that as a land of opportunity the United States is as dead as a dodo. There is no room in this country anymore, goes the refrain, for pioneering and imaginative youth. A young man hasn't a chance to get ahead. Everything that can be done is done. All new discoveries are controlled by big corporations. At best the outlook is an unpromising sinecure job and, eventually, a pension.

This economic heresy would be amusing if belief in it didn't strangle the ambition of many capable youngsters. It is a growing and dangerous deterrent to the kind of hard study and hard work that has sparked this country's progress for 150 years. Without the forceful drive of youth there is a real chance of national retrogression, a prospect so dismal it gives little pleasure to thinking men.

The happy fact is that opportunities ahead are—as they always have been—so vast that the imagination has difficulty grasping them. A man whose highest contemplation of transportation is the oxcart is handicapped in grasping the principle and possibilities of the automobile. But developments now move ahead faster than they used to. The men who made the first contribution to the invention of the wheel—that inestimably valuable milestone in man's progress—never saw it completed; it came hundreds of years later. But today a similarly progressive step will be started and finished within a lifetime; even within a decade.

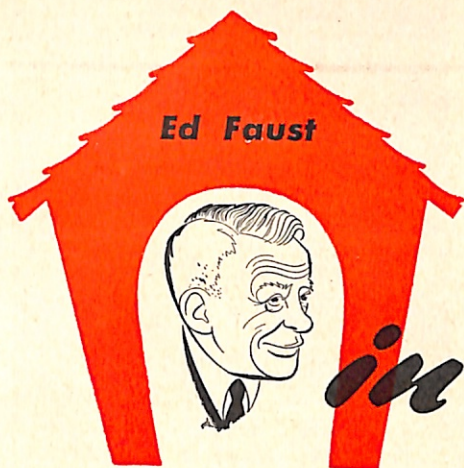
YOUNG people don't regard opportunities for developing entirely new principles as sufficient to excite their ambition. The likely number is too limited, they say, and they are right. But they can prosper through the application of principles already developed. The peacetime implications for atomic energy—like the virtues of soap on a radio commercial—have been so widely and abstrusely discussed they are rarely interesting. But what happened to the miracle of yesteryear—radar? Almost forgotten by the public, radar nevertheless is being used commercially in countless ways. For example, New York's Roosevelt Hotel, among others, is cooking guest meals by radar (a steak takes about a minute)

and it is possible that radar cooking stoves will soon be in as wide popular demand by housewives as were electric refrigerators when they hit the market twenty-odd years ago. They're much too expensive yet for general use, but so were the first automobiles. The development and marketing of such ranges is business pioneering and it is but one minor byproduct of the war-miracle, radar.

For years man has been seeking cheap synthetic foods with which to supplement his overburdened agriculture and to ameliorate the hunger that constantly haunts four-fifths of the world's people. Dehydration and freezing of "live" foods have greatly aided in their distribution but the marketing of food products is still one of the most inefficient and unnecessarily costly operations in U. S. business. While this new system is being devised (price competition will certainly make one essential in the next decade), from American technicians working in Germany comes the announcement of new ersatz foods which are being introduced into the German civilian ration.

Described by developer Gwynn Garnett as "potentially the greatest innovation in human feeding since people began to cook", the new foods have the same nutritional substance as meat and milk. They are compounded from such diverse sources as soy beans, wood, peanuts, yeast, wheat, corn and coal. Says Garnett, "We can produce 'roast beef' so that

(Continued on page 44)



**Mr. Faust is interested in that
day when the stork comes.**

in the Doghouse

IN A recent article I discussed the costs of maintaining a small kennel and tried to show by the experiences of friends, as well as my own, just why a pure-bred pup isn't usually found on a bargain counter. In the course of the article (see February issue) I necessarily told about some of the problems, financial and otherwise, in connection with breeding such dogs. In this I hit only the high spots when pointing out the extra care needed for the mother of the pups both before and after the youngsters arrive. Now I'll go farther and relate in detail about Mama dog and her care.

As I've said previously, the time for the pups to arrive is about 63 days. If this goes beyond 65 days, then call in your vet—and quick.

To begin with—and here again is a repeat but it is called for in view of how lightly the whelping and raising of puppies is deemed—mother dog will need more food than usual, for after all she's supporting other lives as well as her own. This is true from the day of gestation to the day of weaning the little ones. In fact, after the pups arrive they'll be even more of a burden upon her because they'll be eating more in nursing and will require Mom's constant attention. For at least six weeks before the pups are due, she should have her diet enriched liberally with milk. This can be diluted (with water), unsweetened condensed milk or cow's milk. In either case the milk should be warmed to at least room temperature. One raw egg a day beaten into the milk will help a lot. The meal for the morning may be shredded wheat biscuit over which a glass of milk, or fruit or vegetable juice, has been poured. For large-size dogs, increase this quantity. Plenty of cooked or raw beef should be added to the diet and every so often a meal of cooked lamb can be fed for variety, but be sure that the lamb is well-cooked. A beef or lamb stew to which various green vegetables have been added often will be appreciated by the dog. See to it, however, that no potatoes, beans or other starchy vegetables are included as these foods are difficult for the dog to digest. To this menu any of the better known commercial dog foods can

be added and often they are relished by dogs without the addition of any other foods. The lady's meals should be more liberal than usual and a snack now and then between meals won't do any harm. It is best to eliminate all fat from her diet.

THE expectant mother should have regular and frequent exercise, but don't take her for very long or brisk walks, and forbid her violent exercise, hard play, jumping, etc. She should have more rest and quiet than she usually gets and it is best to keep strangers away from her during the week or so before the pups are due. This goes also for the couple of weeks after the stork arrives. One thing I cannot urge too strongly: there should be no undue handling of the pups for a few weeks after they have been born, or whelped, as the breeders term it. Such handling worries the mother and is bad for the puppies. It is a good thing to give the mother an occasional dose of milk of magnesia before the advent of the pups and after they appear, but make the dosage mild, particularly before the whelping. The quantity: two tablespoonsful for a pup about the size of a wire-haired terrier. This can be increased or decreased depending upon the dog's size.

The whelping period may last from a few hours to as many as 24 but if after this time the lady still retains evidence of having more pups to produce, you'd best call your vet. If you don't, things are likely to happen fast—most of them disastrous.

It is a wise precaution to knock together a whelping box, which any man or woman who knows the business end of a hammer can do. The box should be comfortably large for the

mother and it is well to take away her usual bed (if she has one) to get her used to sleeping in the whelping box a couple of weeks before her pups are due. Don't let the pups be whelped in the mother's usual bed. Such dog beds are not designed for this purpose and as a rule are not nearly big enough. The box should be raised a few inches off the floor and by all means keep it out of drafts and away from dampness. Three sides of the box should be higher than the fourth. A box about 30 inches long and 20 inches deep would be ample for a dog about the size of a small terrier, such as a wire-haired. The back and sides of the box should be about 12 inches high and the front from five to six inches. When the puppies grow old enough to stray you had better raise that front with a partition of about another six inches to keep them from climbing out while they are still very young, but nonetheless agile.

Weaning comes about six weeks
(Continued on page 50)





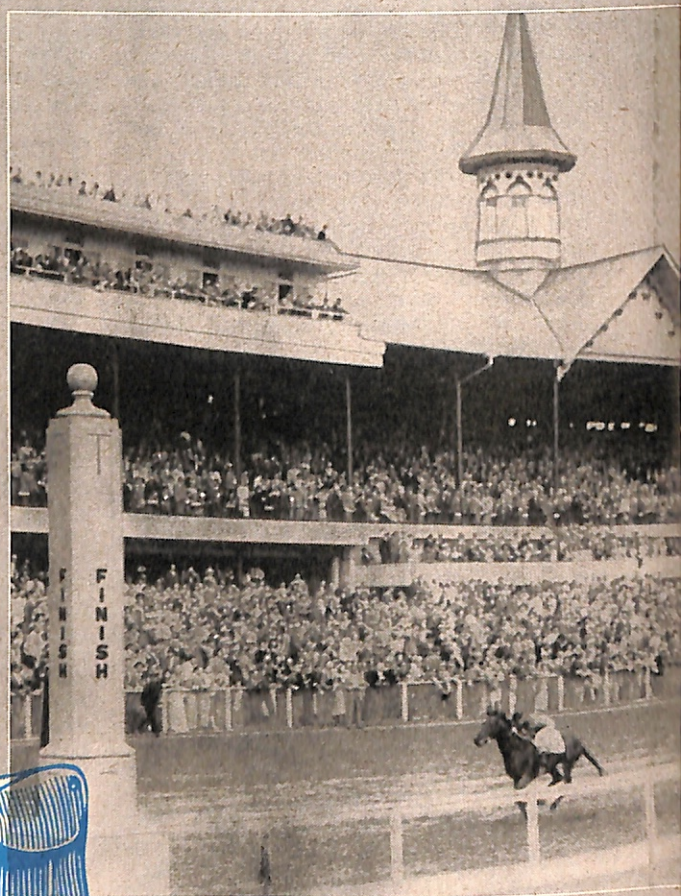
GREENTREE STABLE'S WINE LIST



COL. MATT J. WINN, WHO MADE
THE DERBY WHAT IT IS TODAY



MRS. ADA L. RICE'S ADMIRAL LEA



CITATION WINNING THE 1948 DERBY



FRED HOOPER'S OLYMPIA



It's Derby Time In Old Kentucky



BY BILL CORUM

Like the circus, every Kentucky Derby is going to be the biggest and the best ever. But there is more than a little justification for that claim in connection with the coming run for the American Beauty Roses on May 7.

To begin with, this is the 75th, or Diamond Jubilee, running of the only horse race that a lot of Americans know exists. And Col. Matt J. Winn, the cherubic old gentleman whose vision and unique talents as the nation's outstanding sports promoter have made it what it is today, is going to "put the big pot in the little one", as they would say in his native Kentucky hills, for this one.

So in addition to the lion's share of the \$100,000 purse—Marse Matt didn't join the other tracks in slashing the purse for his race because of anticipated leaner days in the sport—the traditional gold cup to the winning owner will, this year, have the engraving set with diamonds.

Also to commemorate a Derby at which he has been personally taking particular aim for the past few years, since, after all, he will celebrate his 88th birthday in June, Col. Winn has caused to be printed for this renewal the most lavish program in the history of sports. Not only will this book be a plush word and pictorial history of the Run for the Roses since 1875, but also a brief history of the United States over that three-quarters of a century. On one page will be the story of the race for that year, and on the opposite page a summary of the outstanding events in the nation for that twelve-month. The book will be mailed in advance to box-holders. It may give you an idea of the sometimes disputed size of the crowd that sees the Derby to know that the initial press run for mailing purposes was 35,000 copies.

Year after year, more and more people attend the Derby, and the Downs has been waging a battle to keep pace with the demand for space. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in rebuilding and adding extensions until now Churchill Downs boasts the longest grandstand in America. Even with its greatly increased accommodations for handling upward of 100,000 persons, never does all the immense crowd actually see the Derby; they merely attend it.

Which reminds me of once seeing a little colored girl weaving through a Derby crowd muttering to herself, "Where's de hosses? Where's de hosses? I done bin here all day an' I ain't seed no hosses yit." Over the last generation it's been that way with thousands of others; they came from all over the nation, a big, gay, sporting crowd, intent on having the time of their lives. Boisterous and jolly, it is enough for them that they are "present" and they enjoy it immensely.

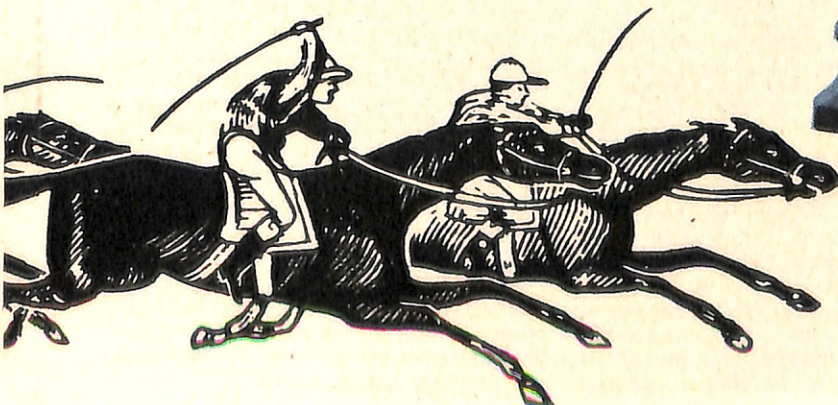
In the pioneer days, when Col. M. Lewis Clark, originator of the Kentucky Derby, had living quarters built into the first clubhouse of the

(Continued on page 38)

STEPHEN FOSTER'S "My Old Kentucky Home" is at all times and places a haunting, nostalgic song that somehow has in it the feeling of love that all good Americans have for their native soil. For it is a truly American song first and a song about Kentucky and its corn-top and meadows-in-the-bloom after that.

But when a hundred thousand voices join in singing it as the Derby field comes onto the track at Churchill Downs on the first Saturday in May, the beloved old tune takes on a special significance.

For there are heartbeats as well as hoofbeats in a Kentucky Derby and, if you aren't careful, there is also apt to be a catch in your throat as the echo of the call-to-the-post bugle dies and THAT SONG rolls over the Downs once more.





NEWSLETTER

WASHINGTON

THE OFFICE of Business Economics is assuring the nation's dentists that no income tax investigators will be allowed to see their returns in the national income survey now getting under way. More than 25,000 dentists are being asked to supply the department with basic information on their gross income, office costs and expenses, net income, salaries, etc. The survey is being conducted in cooperation with the American Dental Association.

No dentist will be asked to sign his name or identify himself in any way; the individual results will be kept strictly confidential and, the department says, no other agencies will have access to it.

MAYBE YOU'LL be planting a new lima bean this spring. The Department of Agriculture reports its new development "Triumph" will be available through commercial houses for the first time this year. "Triumph" is one of the seven superior new vegetables winning All-America Selection Awards for 1949. Recommended for home gardens and commercial processing, the new lima has a seed coat of light green which retains the color in both freezing and planting and matures 3 to 10 days later than Henderson.

SEEMINGLY THERE IS NO END to the ways some people can think up for spending money. Recently, a Washington newspaper revealed that the Government's potato-support program had cost a third of a billion dollars during the last three years—far more than the cost of running the District of Columbia for the same period. Now the Department of Agriculture has announced a price support program for buffalo grass seed, switch grass seed, bluestem seed and Indian grass seed. Included in the new program, also, is love-grass seed.

In matters of a more practical direction, the Department reports Europe's breadgrain plantings have been falling short of the acreage goals but that last year's good yields are expected to be equalled in most areas.

NEW YORK'S rapidly developing foreign trade zone may soon be taking on all the appearances of a pirate's lair. Activities soon to be concentrated there include rum mixing and diamond sorting. The Office of International Trade recently approved use of the zone for industrial

diamond display and selection, as well as for the mixing and coloring of rums of different ages and strengths from the Spanish Main. The office reports that large producers of rum in the Caribbean area are planning to utilize the zone for mixing and bottling their products.

BUSINESSMEN interested in setting up marketing programs will want the Office of Domestic Commerce's new 1949 edition of "Market Research Sources". Publication of this source book, which is designed to provide up-to-date information on the market research activities of public and private agencies, was suspended during the war.

THE FOREST SERVICE is now in a position to take a lot of water out of the claim's of last year's big-game hunters in America. According to official surveys, just made public, nearly 1,000,000 out of the 1,200,000 big-game hunters who pulled on their boots and went out after "bar" last season, came back home with just their boots and no "bar". The kill was exactly 279,000, according to Government tallies. The Service says about two out of every nine hunters actually got his deer, bear or other quarry.

WHILE OFFICIAL RETURNS just compiled here show that more building materials were produced in 1948 than during any previous year on record, reports of new building material developments are coming in from other parts of the country. The University of Texas reports successful completion of research which may make strong, fireproof and economical reinforced masonry floors more widely used in homes and commercial structures. This process employs structural clay tile. In addition, the University of Minnesota has found ways of improving the water-tightness of structural clay tile walls. The important factor has been found to be the bond between tile and mortar, rather than the nature of the exposed tile surface.

RECENT WIDESPREAD PRICE CUTS in the automobile field have a background in Office of Business Economics statistics here. They show that automotive dealers' inventories increased about \$80 million in January, with the increase concentrated in new and used cars, rather than accessories. Meanwhile, a new 60-to-80 horsepower turbine motor car has



been developed in Czechoslovakia. Naphtha, coal gas, hydrogen, acetylene, butane mixtures and gasoline may be used interchangeably as fuel.

ALASKA'S FISH WASTES may be put to use in behalf of the nation's health in the not too distant future. The Office of Technical Services reports that valuable drug and animal-feeding preparations may soon be obtained from the discards of the Alaskan salmon canneries. Alaska presently discards an estimated 100,000,000 pounds of salmon waste each year.

BECAUSE AMERICAN GROWERS really know their onions, the United States is now engaged in giving technical advice to one of the world's oldest onion-growing centers—Egypt. At the request of the Egyptian Department of Agriculture, Dr. Henry A. Jones, who is in charge of onion culture investigations of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and an expert on hybrids, is now in that country.

WHILE OTHER COUNTRIES are experimenting with methods of utilizing heat from the sun, Italy has turned to its lava beds. A larderello thermo-electric plant is now producing 1,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours of thermo-electric power annually by utilizing the hot lava beds near Pisa. The use of new equipment and additional beds is expected to raise production to 1,800,000,000 kilowatt-hours in 1950.

ENGLAND recently opened the world's first aluminum bascule bridge over the River Wear in Sunderland. The movable spans are only about 40 per cent as heavy as steel.

MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK

HUNDREDS of thousands of high school students took part in the Order's essay contest on "Why Democracy Works", which stirred the nation from coast to coast and won for the Order a tremendous degree of public recognition.

Launched last October, the contest snowballed rapidly until, at last count, 985 subordinate lodges participated in it. The prizes offered by these lodges, together with awards by district organizations, State Associations and the \$2,000 in national prizes, reached the staggering total of \$96,430. Late returns will increase these figures.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hall, who initiated the contest to add punch to his program to Make Democracy Work, voiced his enthusiastic appreciation for the energetic cooperation of the members of the Order who made this contest one of the outstanding events in its history. He said:

"Like most of my fellow Americans I was appalled at the efforts which

Harold E. Stassen, President of the University of Pennsylvania, is Chairman of the judges who will select the national winners in the Order's Essay Contest on "Why Democracy Works". His associates will be Rabbi Dr. Samuel Belkin, President of Yeshiva University in New York City, and Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S. J., President of Loyola College in Baltimore, Md. Their decisions will be announced in June.

the forces of communism were making to pervert the minds and hearts of America's youth. Whatever the degree of their success, it was too much for us to ignore. This was a battle—a battle not only against communism but a battle for democracy. The Order of Elks, with its great traditions of patriotism backed by intelligent action, belonged in the van-

guard of this battle and it was for this reason that I called on the Order to sponsor the essay contest as one way to expose our young people to the positive, constructive values of democracy and to equip them with the knowledge and the spirit to believe in and then fight for their democratic heritage.

"The contest has succeeded beyond my fondest expectations. It caused thousands of boys and girls who are about to assume the responsibilities of citizenship to study democracy and to think democracy—not democracy in the abstract but democracy as a practical, successful way to life that is worth fighting for. I think it is safe to say that these benefits were not confined to those who actually wrote essays but extended also to thousands of other students associated with them.

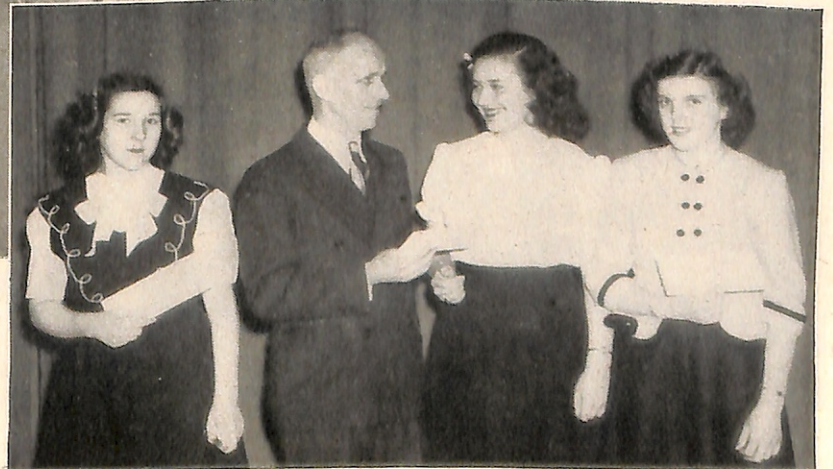
"I am tremendously proud of the Order of Elks and its great achievement. I extend to each and every Elk (Continued on page 37)

• Scenes like these took place all over the country this spring as Elks lodges awarded prizes to winners in the Order's National Essay Contest on "Why Democracy Works".

Grand Exalted Ruler Hall presented awards to the winners of the contest sponsored by Kittanning, Pa., Lodge No. 203 on his official visit there. He is congratulating Connie VanDine, winner of the \$100 first prize. The others in the photo, left to right, are Patricia Fester, fourth prize of \$25; Sally Crum, second prize of \$75; Jean McCune, third prize of \$50; and William Englert, holder of a \$700 Elks college scholarship.



At left, George Kroening, Chairman of the Contest Committee of Racine, Wis., Lodge hands a \$75 Savings Bond to Dick Schneider, Jr., whose essay was judged best of 600 entered. Ann Baird won second place and a \$50 Bond and Richard Neuman was awarded a \$25 Bond for third place.



E.R. Bernard H. Potts of Wellsburg, West Va., Lodge, presents a \$25 Savings Bond to Rosemarie Ujcich whose essay won first place among 18 essays entered. The girl at the extreme left is Margaret Ellen Woolery, winner of second place award of \$15 and at the right is Helen Elizabeth Young, who was awarded \$10 for third place. Each of the 15 other entrants was awarded \$5.

News of the Lodges



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon puts the flame to the paper, burning the mortgage on the handsome home of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge. General Chairman Robert S. Redington, left, and E.R. Wilson H. Cookson, right, watch the proceedings.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF., Lodge, No. 99, burned over a million dollars during the two-day celebration of the final payment and burning of the mortgage on the imposing 11-story \$3,000,000 lodge home.

The event, becoming the greatest celebration in the history of No. 99, began at 11 a.m. on the steps of City Hall where Mayor Fletcher Bowron, proclaiming that day and the following Elks Days, lighted the torch which was relayed by runners escorted by motorcycle officers to the front door of

the lodge home, three miles away. Each runner, completing about one-third of a mile, passed the torch to another waiting messenger. The runners, selected from members who participate actively in the lodge's athletic events, were watched by millions of Southern Californians who lined the streets to see the relay. The final runner was Joseph Mendelson, Jr., who was born on March 25, 1925, the day the cornerstone of this magnificent edifice was laid. In the City Hall ceremony, E.R. Dr. Wilson H. Cookson, P.E.R. Robert

S. Redington, General Chairman, and Milton K. Young, 80-year-old P.E.R., took part. After Mr. Mendelson reached the lodge, he placed the flame from the torch to light a huge bonfire in front of the building. This fire burned during the entire celebration, augmented at night by red flares.

Then members gathered for a "Fire-burners' Luncheon" and that evening the Elks and their ladies attended the Grand Mortgage Burning Ball.

A huge civic luncheon began the second day's activities, attended by several hundred state, county, city, business and judicial leaders, including the Mayor, Attorney General Fred Howser, and Earle V. Grover, Pres. of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Others present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Michael F. Shannon and L. A. Lewis. Keynoting the occasion from the Elk standpoint, Mr. Shannon declared that the home of No. 99 "stands today as a monument of the past and will stand in years to come as a beacon light of the future."

Prior to a special dinner for invited guests that evening, a class of 160 new members was initiated, bringing the lodge's total membership to more than 5,600. In attendance were Mr. Shannon, Mr. Lewis, State Pres. Morley Golden, D.D.'s John P. Martin, Jr., and Robert N. Traver, P.E.R.'s of the lodge, visiting Exalted Rulers and officials of the banks and mortgage houses which had held the papers on the building. A program of entertainment, complete with Hollywood celebrities and a big buffet, ended the celebration.



P.E.R.'s Night was highlighted by the presentation of Nelsonville, Ohio, Lodge's \$10,000 check by E.R. J. L. Galvin to Sheriff George Bateman as the lodge's extremely generous contribution to the Mt. St. Mary Hospital Fund.



Officers of Hot Springs, S.D., Lodge present a \$1,000 check to the West River Crippled Children's Hospital. Standing, left to right: former Gov. Leslie Jensen, one of the founders of the lodge which is not yet a year old; Secy. C. W. Baer, Esq. Stanley Chapin, Lead. Knight S. G. Bailey; seated: E.R. L. P. Petersen and Harry Hagen, Lect. Knight and County Chairman of the Hospital Committee.



Willimantic, Conn., Lodge's \$7,800 check is turned over to the Windham Community Memorial Hospital in memory of local Elks who died in the two World Wars. Left to right: P.D.D. A. J. Roy, Chairman of the lodge's Board of Governors; E.R. D. A. Bacon, P.E.R. Wm. B. Sweeney, Supt. of the Hospital; A. W. Buchanan, of the Hospital Expansion Committee, and P.E.R. H. S. Gaucher, lodge Trustee.



Providing extras for the crippled children at the Mary Free Bed Convalescent Home is Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge's pet project. The Degree Team recently presented three radios to the children, with J. R. Smolenski, left, and T. J. Webb doing the honors.



E.R. John W. Guerard, left, presents Fresno, Calif., Lodge's \$1,435 check to Dr. Walter A. Rohlfing, Director of Fresno County General Hospital, for the purchase of infantile paralysis treatment equipment. Secy. Fred S. Linser stands center.

Former world's heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey and Rev. George J. Donahue who were guest speakers at one of the "double-header" sports programs sponsored by Norwich, Conn., Lodge, with E.R. J. Albert Gaffney. On each occasion the lodge first entertains hundreds of youngsters at a public program before the special Elk event. Among the sports celebrities who have appeared were Bill Sommers, American League Umpire; Frank Dascoli, National League Umpire; Walt Dropo, Red Sox rookie; Birdie Tebbitts, Red Sox catcher; Earl Torgeson, Braves first baseman and Al Schacht, the "clown prince of baseball".



ELK FAMILY ALBUM

Again we present photos of family groups affiliated with the Order—including sons-in-law, grandsons, fathers, sons, and brothers.



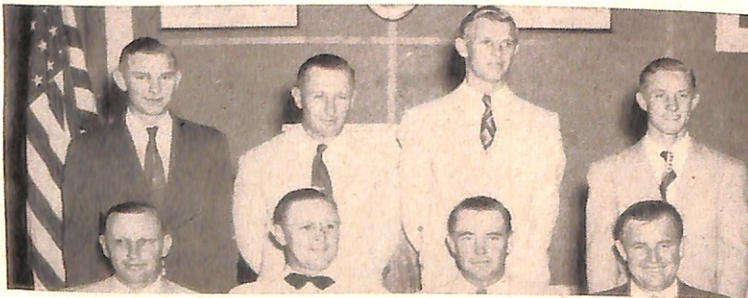
Goodland, Kans., Lodge presents Henry Johnson, center, and his six sons and five sons-in-law—All Elks. Also pictured are E.R. Herman Tagtmeyer and E.L.K. Wilmot Price.



Chico, Calif., Lodge boasts a six-member group in the Barceloux family. Kneeling are Melvin and Clement; standing, Edgar, George, Reeve and Leo.



Gathered beneath the antlers at Laconia, N.H., Lodge are members Alcide Paquette and his four sons, Herve and Dominique, seated, and Andre and Gerard, standing.



Although Belle Glade, Fla., Lodge is a very new addition to the Order, it boasts a family membership of the eight Kirchman brothers. A. E. Kirchman is its only P.E.R.

P.D.D. Alfred E. Rogers and his sons, Alfred, Jr., left, and Leroy, all members of Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge.



G.E.R. Hall and Lyons, N. Y., father-son P.E.R.'s. Seated: Chas. Noble, F. G. Boenheim, Mr. Hall, E.E. Wolvin. Standing: Clifford Noble, J. A. and F. T. Boenheim and J. K. W.

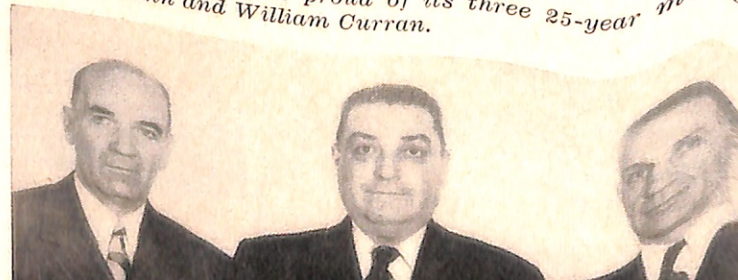


Five sons of George Reynolds of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, initiated recently. Left to right: Robert, E.R. W. S. Gagel, George, Sr., Edwin, Allen and George.



Two Spokane, Wash., Elks, Glenn Waugh, left, and Waugh, right, presented a membership card to their father, center, on his initiation.

Butte, Mont., Lodge is proud of its three 25-year members, Edward, John and William Curran.





Iowa City, Ia., Lodge's first E.R., Henry Louis, pictured with his son, Norwood, also a former lodge leader, and grandson Clark.



Salem, Ohio, Lodge's three-generation Moore family are, left to right: Sampson; Thomas A., and Robert S.



D.D. E. T. Snider, right, meets three generations of the Morris family, all members of Martinsville, Va., Lodge, which is not yet a year old. At left is E.R. J. C. Aaron with, left to right, George E. Morris, Sr., George E. Morris, Jr., and T. H. Morris.



Two of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge's three groups of three-generation members. First row, left to right: Homer M. Bancroft, Jr., Henry E. Bancroft, Joseph P. Higgins and Joseph E. Higgins. Standing: H. M. Bancroft, Sr., and H. J. Higgins.



Elkhart, Ind., Lodge officers surround Treas. Willial Leicester who is flanked by his two grandsons, Billie L. Haeb and Marion L. Spry, also Elks. A member for forty-three years, Mr. Leicester has been a lodge officer for twenty-three years.



Richard Breuer, the third generation of his family to become an Elk, receives his membership card from Secy. William Herrmann of Manitowac, Wis., Lodge as his father, Orval, left, and his grandfather, William, a 38-year Elk, look on.



Longmont, Colo., Lodge's Powell Family of six brothers and their eight sons represents 185 years in Elksdom. Seated, left to right: Hauck H., 1913-1949; Fred; Charter Member Ross, 1906-1949; Harold, Club Steward; Kent, 1913-1949, and Lee. Standing: Jesse, Tiler; Rolla; Kenneth; Darrell; Vernon; Leslie; Lawrence, and Lloyd. Five boys are the sons of Ross Powell, two of Kent and one of Harold.

John K. Marr of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, seated center, surrounded by his six sons who recently became his fraternity brothers, and, standing, right, Estell O. Stone; seated, right, P.E.R. S. R. Sweeney who secured the boys' applications for membership in the class initiated by the lodge in honor of State President H. H. Russell.



News of the Lodges



One of Dayton, Ohio, Lodge's most outstanding events found these 22 Charter Members on hand. The men in office when the lodge's re-institution filled the chairs at the session following a well-attended banquet.



Approximately 300 persons honored P.E.R. Joseph Loth, center, at a dinner held for him by Trenton, N. J., Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and William Frasor, Executive Secy. of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, paid tribute to Brother Loth for the services he rendered as Chairman of the Fraternal Center Committee during the war and, since, as Chairman of the Hospital Service Committee. For the past two years he has been in charge of the program at Tilton Hospital. At left is E.R. Joseph S. Bash and, right, Secretary Albert E. Dearden, who was also a speaker.



D.D. W. J. Durocher gives E.R. H. A. Boyer the Grand Lodge jewels he used in his visitations, on his homecoming to No. Adams, Mass., Lodge.

STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTION DATES FOR 1949

State	Place	Date
Arizona	Yuma	Apr. 28, 29, 30.
Oklahoma	Tulsa	Apr. 30, May 1
Nevada	Las Vegas	May 10
Illinois	Quincy	May 13, 14, 15.
Kansas	Wichita	May 13, 14, 15.
Alabama	Birmingham	May 15, 16, 17.
Florida	Pensacola	May 15, 16, 17.
Wyoming	Sheridan	May 20, 21.
Missouri	St. Joseph	May 21, 22.
Kentucky	Paducah	May 26, 27, 28.
North Carolina	Greensboro	May 26, 27, 28.
Georgia	Brunswick	May
Texas	San Antonio	June 2, 3, 4.
Md., Dela. and D. C.	Pocomoke City, Md.	June 2, 3, 4, 5.
Iowa	Council Bluffs	June 3, 4, 5.
Oregon	Klamath Falls	June 3, 4, 5.
Indiana	Terre Haute	June 3, 4, 5.
South Dakota	Watertown	June 3, 4, 5.
North Dakota	Grand Forks	June 3, 4, 5.
Connecticut	Meriden	June 4.
South Carolina	Columbia	June 4, 5.
West Virginia	Bluefield (Princeton co-host)	June 9, 10, 11, 12.
Idaho	Burley	June 10, 11.
Michigan	Grand Rapids	June 10, 11, 12.
Minnesota	Mankato	June 10, 11, 12.
Nebraska	North Platte	June 11, 12, 13.
New York	Albany	June 16, 17, 18.
Washington	Spokane	June 16, 17, 18.
New Jersey	Atlantic City	June 17, 18, 19.
Rhode Island	Westerly	June
Virginia	Norfolk	Aug. 14, 15, 16.
Wisconsin	Appleton	Aug. 18, 19, 20.
Pennsylvania	Harrisburg	Aug. 21 to 25.
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Colorado	Ouray	Sept. 16, 17, 18.
California	Long Beach	Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24.
Tennessee	Jackson	Sept. 23, 24.

VENTURA, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1430, culminated a two-month campaign for new members with the celebration of a Hi-Jinks session when the lodge played host to 76 new Elks and their proposers. No. 1430 went well over its quota, having hit the 1,002 mark in membership, quite a record in a community of 22,000 people.

FARMINGTON, MO., Lodge, No. 1765, came into being with a class of 46 Charter Members and seven transfer dimitts not long ago. About 90 Elks from Carbondale, Ill., and St. Louis, Washington, St. Charles, Warrensburg, Festus-Crystal City and De Soto, Mo., Lodges, including State Pres. H. H. Russell, were on hand.

Led by P.E.R. Adolph Toben, the officers of Washington Lodge handled the institution ceremonies and the Festus-Crystal City officials, led by E.R. Roy Nicholson, took care of the initiatory work. The Washington Elks gave the new lodge a handsome elk's head to decorate its lodge room.

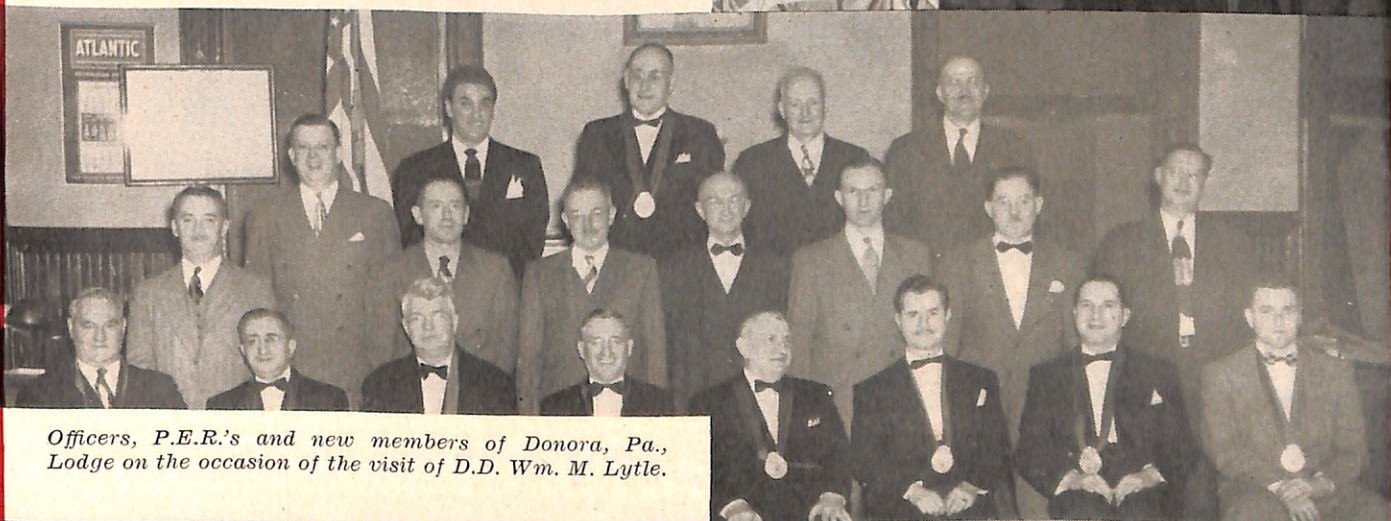
NEWPORT HARBOR, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1767, reared its proud new antlers not long ago, in the presence of hundreds of interested Elks. Among these was Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis who delivered an inspiring message. P.D.D. O. W. Heying led the institution ceremonies and the officers of Santa Ana Lodge were responsible for the initiation of the 186 new members and 130 transfers. Later, D.D. Robert N. Traver took over, and the election of officers of the new lodge occupied everyone's attention. A dinner and entertainment closed the affair.



Kansas City, Mo., Lodge officials are pictured with the class of 53 candidates they recently initiated in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell.



Osawatomie, Kans., Lodge's king-size class of new Elks.



Officers, P.E.R.'s and new members of Donora, Pa., Lodge on the occasion of the visit of D.D. Wm. M. Lytle.



Here are some of the 74 men who became Greeley, Colo., Elks in honor of Grand Est. Lect. Knight O. J. Fisher.

NEWS OF THE

Lodges

NEW SMYRNA BEACH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1557, was most fortunate in having as its speaker on P.E.R.'s Night Dean Walter J. Matherly of the College of Business Administration of the University of Florida in Gainesville. A former Vice-President of the Florida State Elks Assn., Dean Matherly had much of interest to say to the large group of Elks on hand, as well as the 12 former New Smyrna Beach Lodge leaders, each of whom also spoke briefly. Elks from neighboring lodges at Daytona Beach, DeLand and Sanford, as well as 37 from Gainesville, enjoyed the program which included vocal selections by Miss Virginia Burke, and piano and solovox numbers by Everett Ware, the lodge's organist.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401, observed P.E.R.'s Night with a banquet for 14 of its 20 surviving former leaders. These men occupied all lodge stations in the conducting of the session and the initiation of a large class of candidates. Grand Est. Loyal Knight B. A. Whitmire was a special guest and the principal speaker; another Elk honored at this meeting was Edward Belote, No. 1401's oldest member, who had just passed his 91st birthday and who never misses a lodge meeting.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, has contributed \$1,500 to St. Francis Hospital for the purchase of equipment to be installed in the hospital's maternity ward and nursery. Authorization of this tremendous gift featured the annual P.E.R.'s Night program of the lodge when Fred Terwilliger, dean of the lodge's former leaders, presided. Junior P.E.R. Charles E. Bierlein directed the initiation of a class of eleven candidates.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Lodge, No. 922, made a great time of the homecoming visit of State Vice-Pres. F. Marriott Riley not long ago. A meeting at the lodge home was followed by a banquet at St. Mary's Academy Auditorium where 400 Western New York Elks paid tribute to Mr. Riley. State Pres. John J. Sweeney was one of the principal speakers, along with Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight J. Theodore Moses, D.D. Earl C. Stahl and Mayor Walter F. Murray of Dunkirk. An informal entertainment at the lodge home closed this pleasant program.



Eleven Old Timers of San Jose, Calif., Lodge who were entertained on P.E.R.'s and Old Timers' Night. Left to right: Charter Members Wm. Binder, and A. F. Brosius, S. Hal Chase, Dr. P. H. Browning, Dr. E. O. Pieper, W. G. Hinkelbein, P.E.R. Fred Schumacher, Chas. O'Brien, S. E. Johnson, George B. May and Charter Member Albert Kayser.



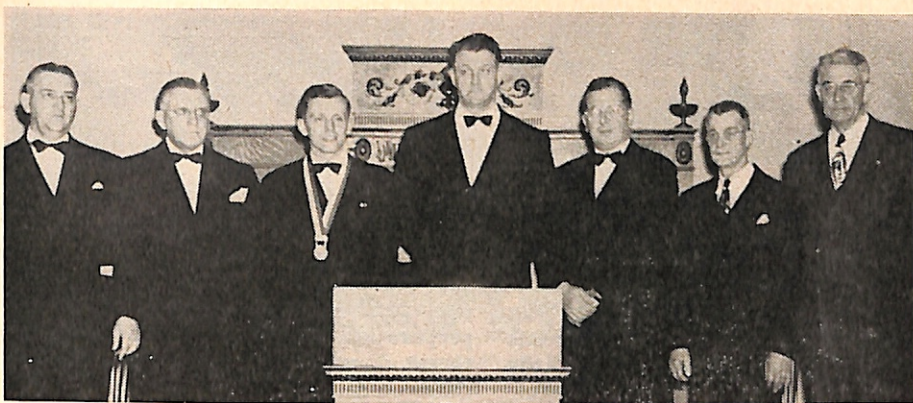
Old Timers honored by San Pedro, Calif., Lodge see P.E.R. C. H. Foot give a 45-year-membership pin to Charter Member C. H. Olson.



Each year Hollister, Calif., Lodge has a "Young Officers' Night" when officers chosen from new members of the previous year are trained in ritualistic work and take complete charge of the lodge for that evening. The idea has met with a great deal of enthusiasm and a huge turn-out is always assured. Here are the men who took over the officers' duties this year.



At what Fall River, Mass., Elks claim as their most successful event: left to right: Chairman C. F. Lapointe, Gov. P. A. Dever, Senior P.E.R. M. J. Coughlin, guest of honor, Cong. J. W. Martin, Jr. and E.R. W. E. Quinlan.



D.D. Earl C. Stahl, makes his homecoming visit to North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge. Left to right: Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight J. Theodore Moses, Past State Vice-Pres. Howard W. Allan, D.D. Stahl, E.R. C. L. Kruse, Judge Robert E. Noonan, D.D., State Vice-Pres. F. Marriott Riley and P.D.D. George A. Swalbach.



Among those present when New Kensington, Pa., Lodge honored its P.E.R.'s were D.D. Clarence Braun, and P.D.D.'s O. R. Grotefend, M. F. Horne and E. J. Linney.



Officers of Martinsville, Va., Lodge with the class of fourteen candidates initiated in honor of the official visit of District Deputy Edwin T. Snider.



State Pres. John J. Sweeney, left, through an electric spark arrangement, ignites the mortgage on the home of Massena, N. Y., Lodge in the presence of E.R. W. B. Russell, Past

State Association Vice-President C. F. Reed and other officials. The \$35,000 note on their home was retired by the Massena Elks in a remarkably short period of time.

ASHLAND, PA., Lodge, No. 384, entertained about 500 members when a class of 55 candidates was initiated as a tribute to Est. Loyal Knight Barney W. Wentz, Chairman of the Membership and Lapsation Committee of the State Elks Assn. The officers and Degree Team of Mahanoy City Lodge, under E.R. Peter Hino, was in charge of the initiatory ceremonies.

Among the honored guests introduced by P.E.R. Thomas J. Pepper, were Howard R. Davis, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, D.D. S. M. Braybrook, State Pres. John T. Gross, Past Pres. Dr. Charles V. Hogan and P.D.D. Joseph Neary.

BENTON HARBOR, MICH., Lodge, No. 544, honored a large group of Elks of more than 25 years' standing at a banquet and entertainment program. Gold lapel pins were given the old-timers and a Life Membership was awarded to Thomas H. Watts who has recorded more than 35 years' affiliation with Benton Harbor Lodge. Of the 61 Charter Members when the lodge was organized 49 years ago, seven survive.

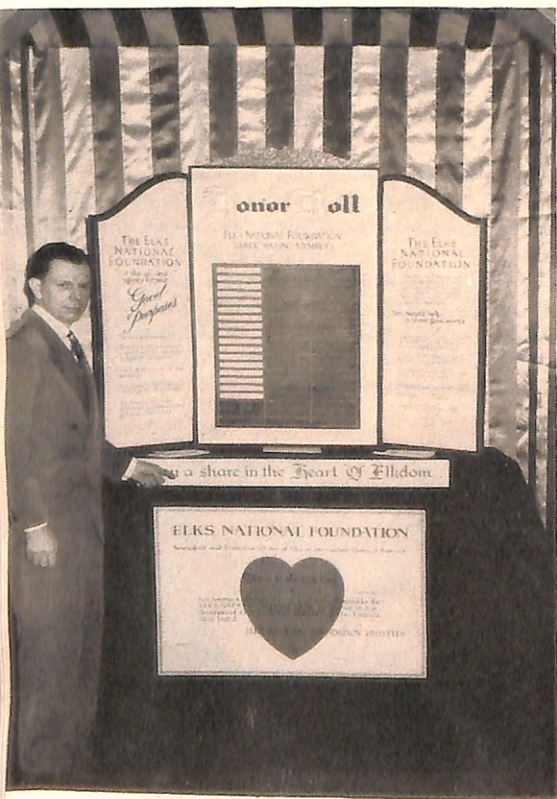
The oldest Elk present at the dinner was L. C. Ludwig of South Haven, who had joined Benton Harbor Lodge in 1901, dimitting to South Haven when that branch of the Order was organized.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Lodge, No. 26, paid tribute to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, with the initiation of a class of 53 candidates. P.E.R. Joseph N. Miniace acted as Exalted Ruler in the initiatory ceremonies and speakers included State Pres. H. H. Russell and P.E.R. Harry Garrison of Warrensburg Lodge, with the principal address being made by Hon. Richard M. Duncan, Judge of the U. S. District Court of Missouri. Following the initiation, the more than 500 Elks and their ladies were entertained at a buffet supper and dance.

News of the Lodges



The Antlers Quartet of Flint, Mich., Lodge lifts heads and voices in song.



Chairman Dale W. Brothers of the Ohio State Elks National Foundation Committee, with one of the tasteful displays arranged for distribution throughout the subordinate lodges of the State.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1352, pays tribute each year to Connie Mack, while the Philadelphia Athletics are in training at Wright Field down there. Four hundred Elk baseball fans were on hand for this year's affair. The President of the Florida International Baseball League, Phil O'Connell, a P.E.R. of No. 1352, emceed. At the speaker's table, besides Mr. Mack and Mr. O'Connell were Earl Brucker, Athletics pitching coach, Ken Purpus, Indians general manager, Lou Finney, Indians' playing manager, Lucius Ordway, owner of the Indians, and E.R. J. M. Blackburn. Also present were coaches Jimmy Dykes, and Dave Keefe, and trainer Jimmy Tadler of the Athletics, and Elks Club Manager Cliff Simpson.

SANDUSKY, OHIO, Lodge, No. 285, through E.R. Frank Copley and his committee, presented to the Sandusky Library Association the first collection of 57 albums and 50 single phonograph records for the Association's new musical library.

Some time ago, the members of Sandusky Lodge passed this resolution as a civic gesture and have made the initial gift because of the Association's lack of sufficient funds for such a library. This collection will be augmented by the lodge from time to time until a complete record library is assembled. These will be handled by the Library in the same manner as books are borrowed, and no charge will be made for the service. The records, classical and semi-classical, are marked by a specially designed plate reading, "Presented to Sandusky Library Association by Sandusky Lodge of Elks".

SANTA ROSA, CALIF., Lodge, No. 646, always has a hand in its pocket when it comes to giving assistance to the unfortunate, and no gift is ever made without serious forethought and preparation. That is why the lodge's recent donation to the Cerebral Palsy Class students is so deeply appreciated by the Santa Rosa Public School System, the County Dept. of Public Health and the mothers of the young victims.

Special washroom equipment has been installed for these unfortunate youngsters, which will do a great deal to help the children to help themselves, the guiding principle around which their training is planned. Santa Rosa's gift is a vital addition to the facilities provided for these children, as the budget of the Sonoma County Society for Crippled Children could not carry the \$600 expense. Inner Guard Herbert Linthwaite, construction engineer, contributed his services to the installation of this equipment, another Elk donation to the great work this Society is doing for the palsied children of the community.

The health of its neighbors ever an item of importance to these Elks, a \$5,000 check with which to buy necessary equipment was recently presented by No. 646 to the Sonoma County Cancer Clinic. The presentation ceremony, recorded for broadcast over Station KSRO, was witnessed by supervisors, Hospital and County Health Department heads and a contingent of Elks.

Santa Rosa Lodge's charitable record is outstanding. Its latest \$5,000 hospital gift increased the total of such donations to \$15,000 for the year, and the grand total to \$23,948.78, making the lodge one of the top Elk donors in the country.



The newly-formed Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge Band which has appeared on programs at the local Veterans Administration Hospital, public functions and lodge events.



On hand to help Medford, Mass., Lodge dedicate its new home were, standing, left to right: Past State Pres. W. F. Hogan, D.D. W. A. Rohman, D.D. Fred Calnan, Past State Pres. George Steele, D.D. A. A. Biggio, E.R. E. F. Ballou, P.G.E.R.

J. F. Malley, Mayor W. E. Lawrence, Past State Pres. J. F. Bresnahan and Secy. J. J. Ward. Officer at left is Secy. Fred Baumeister of Winthrop Lodge, and at right, E. A. Spry, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

THE MARCH OF DIMES received the customary wholehearted support of the subordinate lodges this year, and the Elks' ladies worked right along with the men in making each local drive a success. The ladies of **TULSA, OKLA.**, Lodge, for instance, sold more memberships in the Tulsa County Chapter of the National Foundation of Infantile Paralysis than any other organization in the city. These ladies made great headway in helping the March of Dimes reach its goal of \$40,000 . . . Elks of **PORT ARTHUR, TEX.**, received active assistance from their wives in making the March of Dimes campaign the most successful in local history. The ladies went out on the street on "Elks' Day" and persuaded hundreds of passersby to donate to this Drive . . . **POLSON, MONT.**, added something new to this campaign with the donation of a handsome young buffalo. A unique idea dreamed up by Fred J. McConnell, Chairman of the Polson Elks Committee which took over the responsibility for the Lake County campaign, involved the purchase of a buffalo which was crated and sent by express to Los Angeles, Calif., to be used in its "March of Dimes" parades, etc. The buffalo was then returned to Montana to be auctioned off for the Lake County fund. The animal brought \$646.41, plus a great deal of valuable publicity . . . Of course, individual contributions of the lodges brought the campaign a huge amount of money. For instance, **GREELEY, COLO.**, Lodge contributed \$500 to the campaign, and **QUINCY, MASS.**, Lodge donated \$300, and another \$250 went to this Drive from **MERIDEN, CONN.**, Elks . . . The March of Dimes Campaign in California received a valuable gift from the Esteemed Leading Knights of the lodges in the **CALIF. SOUTH CENTRAL DISTRICT**. This took the form of an iron lung which was accepted by Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz who was March of Dimes Chairman for the communities in that locality.



Over 150 attended the Father and Son banquet held by Anacortes, Wash., Lodge. A number of Elks who have no sons "borrowed" them for the occasion; others brought more than one, making the affair a tremendous success. The boys are pictured with Paul Fosse, E.R. G. C. DenAdel and Secretary William R. Barnes.



Inner Guard Joseph M. Mooney pictured with the young boys who make up the "Midget League" Baseball Team sponsored by the members of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge. The team finished last season as "runner-up" in the League of eight teams.



Houlton, Me., Lodge officers and the 26 men they initiated for Millinocket Lodge.

News of the Lodges

GREELEY, COLO., Lodge, No. 809, has been a busy place during the recent past. First of all, Grand Est. Lect. Knight O. J. Fisher was honored with the initiation of a class of 74 candidates on P.E.R.'s Night. Speakers on the program included State Pres. Frank Holitza and D.D. Edwin J. Haefeli, who has just made a magnificent gesture in offering his 138-acre farm to his State Association for their use as a Boys Farm. Approximately 650 members were present, with a number of visitors from lodges in the northern part of the state, and from Cheyenne, Casper, and Rawlins, Wyo., and Dodge City, Kans.

About 1,800 Greeley Elks and visitors from other lodges, particularly from Fort Collins, Loveland, Longmont, Boulder and Fort Morgan, packed the lodge home with a crowd of about 1,800 for the Greeley Elks' annual Sister Lodge Session. A very successful event, as are all these interlodge meetings throughout the State, it featured entertainment by top-flight vaudeville talent.

At the "State Elks Assn. Session" at the lodge home some weeks later, R. F. Williams, Chairman of the Assn.'s Ritualistic Committee, presented the John R. Coen Plaque to the host lodge and its officers who won top ritualistic honors at the Association's meeting last Fall.

MOTHER'S DAY REMINDER

Lodges that wish to have their Mother's Day services considered for publication in *The Elks Magazine* as the most worthy, suitable and effective in their membership classification must provide Chairman Jernick of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee with a complete account of their program on or before May 18. Classifications are:

- Group I—1,000 or more members;
- Group II—500 to 1,000 members;
- Group III—under 500 members.

Do not send material to the Magazine. Please mail them to Chairman William J. Jernick at 44 Alexander Avenue, Nutley 10, N. J.

Material on Flag Day ceremonies, to be considered for publication on the same basis, must be in Chairman Jernick's hands not later than June 24.

WOONSOCKET, R. I., Lodge, No. 850, heard songs and stories from Charlie "Red" Barrett, pitching star of the Boston Braves, at its reunion this year. The more than 300 men who became Elks during the past lodge year were honored during the program and their spokesmen were Mayor G. L. Parent and Councilman B. Walter Wecal.

E.R. Anthony F. Lawrence, who was in charge of the event, paid tribute to the interest and cooperation these new members have shown since their initiation. Former Mayor Joseph E. Pratt returned the compliment by praising the Exalted Ruler for his achievements during his 16 years as an officer of No. 850 and the State Association.

Ten baseballs, autographed by Manager Billy Southworth and star Braves players were awarded as attendance prizes, and Honorary Life Memberships were given Deputy Police Chief Leo J. Vanasse, Peter F. Riley, Earl G. LaRoe and Edward M. Lee, while 40-year lapel pins went to a large group of devoted Elks.

Speakers on the program included P.D.D.'s Frank E. McKenna and James A. Taylor. Members of Milford and Cambridge Lodges were on hand.

Some time later, E.R. Lawrence himself was the recipient of high tribute at a testimonial dinner. More than 300 persons took part in this affair at which Chairman John F. Malley of the Elks National Foundation praised Mr. Lawrence for initiating the "Golden Book" subscription list by which more than \$300,000 was raised nationally for the Foundation's charitable enterprises. Others who participated in the speaking program included D.D. H. L. Goodwin, State Pres. Richard Butler, Asst. U. S. District Attorney Edward M. McEntee, P.D.D. McKenna and many other officials. Past Grand Treas. John F. Burke and D.D. Andrew Biggio were also in attendance.



Three of the 33 paraplegic veterans who were entertained with their wives by Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge not long ago were photographed with Elk and civic officials. The young men are, left to right: Fred Stephens of Paramus, Larry Izzotti of Jersey City and John Borella of West New York.





P.E.R.'s Night at Decatur, Ill., Lodge honored these former leaders. Seated, left to right: H. B. Walter, Harry Buttz, John Kitchen, Bill Goodwin, Glenn Ruffner; standing: Ralph Shumate, L. R. Drum, Harold Blair, W. J. Seitz, Mervel Walker, A. P. Higgins and D.D. R. B. Bunkers.



San Fernando, Lancaster and Redondo, Calif., Lodges helped Pasadena Elks entertain State Pres. Morley Golden. Left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, D.D. J. P. Martin, Jr., Mr. Golden, E.R. Harry Mitchell, Pasadena, and P.E.R. Glenn Dorsett, Program Chairman.



Princeton, Ind., Lodge officials and friends of Frank Mauck, fourth from left, second row, when the elk's head, in background, was given to the lodge by Mr. Mauck.



The basketball team sponsored by the members of Danbury, Connecticut, Lodge which lost only one game throughout the entire Civic League Competition season.



This boutonniere crowd attended the Old Timers' Reunion Dinner of Washington, D. C., Lodge.



Three P.D.D.'s and officers and P.E.R.'s of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge were on hand to welcome Mr. Hall.

THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S

Visits

(Continued from page 14)

SISTERSVILLE, W. VA., LODGE, NO. 333.

On entering that city, the visitors were greeted by a Boy Scout Troop, the high school band and officers and members of Sistersville Lodge. Mayor Paul W. Neuenschwander presented a key to the city, made of red roses, to the Order's leader. A dinner was followed by a meeting at the high school, attended by about 350 men, representing all lodges in the State.

On the 23rd, the meeting of the **S. W. DIST. of the PENNSYLVANIA ELKS ASSN.** took place in Pittsburgh. In attendance were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, Charles H. Grakelow, Wade H. Kepner and Grand Secretary Masters, who was accompanied by Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader. The entire group accompanied Mr. Hall to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, where the Order's leader placed a wreath.

Back North, on the 2nd of March, Mr. Hall addressed about 500 Elks at a meeting of **KINGSTON, N. Y., LODGE,**

NO. 550, which followed a banquet attended by about 150 Elks. **HUDSON LODGE NO. 787** held a banquet on the 4th as a homecoming celebration for D.D. Paul S. Smoyer, attended by about 450 Elks representing the local lodge, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie and Catskill, and lodges in the Northeast Dist. Present were State Pres. John J. Sweeney, Mayor Earl J. Colwell, Co. Judge Wm. E. J. Connors, State Vice-Pres. Con Santagato, P.D.D. Michael J. Degnan and many other dignitaries.

On the 5th, Mr. Hall, accompanied by Judge Hallinan and members of **TROY LODGE NO. 141**, visited the Guardian Angel School where children of broken homes are cared for by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The lodge presented a television set to the school and the Sisters and pupils put on an entertainment for their benefactors. Later that evening, the banquet honoring State Pres. John J. Sweeney attracted one of the most representative gatherings in many years. The entire official staff of the State Assn., together with 60 of the 90 Exalted Rulers of New York lodges, seven Past State Presidents and many P.D.D.'s were on hand with Mr. Hall and Judge Hallinan who made the principal speeches. Mr. Hall's address was broadcast over Stations WTRY and WTRI-FM during his visit to Troy. Sorely missed was Past Grand Est.. Lead. Knight Dr. J. Ed-

ward Gallico, who, scheduled as Toastmaster for the dinner, was prevented from attending because of a mishap. Past Exalted Ruler John L. Fleming, Jr., made a competent substitute.

More than 2,100 members of **QUEENS BOROUGH LODGE NO. 878** taxed the capacity of the lodge home on the 8th to welcome Mr. Hall who was guest of honor at a dinner that evening, presided over by E.R. W. S. Gagel and attended by 24 of the 27 living Past Exalted Rulers. Also present were D.D. Frank Fitzpatrick and Past Pres. William Frasier of the Ill. State Elks Assn. At a meeting later, Judge Hallinan introduced the P.E.R.'s who were present. These included F. William Wolters, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, Judge Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, Judge John F. Scilleppi, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and P.D.D. Charles O. Lawson. A tremendous ovation marked the conclusion of another of the Grand Exalted Ruler's forceful addresses, and E.R. Gagel then introduced Dr. John E. Kiffin, P.E.R., who, speaking for his lodge, outlined incidents in the career of the Order's leader, likening his background to that of an Horatio Alger hero.

Accompanied by State Pres. John T. Gross, Mr. Hall left New York on the 10th for Allentown, Pa., and then traveled by car to visit **READING LODGE NO.**



At the Kingston, N. Y., Lodge's banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler were, left to right: Hon. Thomas Plunket,

Mayor Oscar V. Newkirk, E.R. William Krum, Mr. Hall, Committee Chairman H. E. Gottfried and Hon. Vincent Connelly.



The Grand Exalted Ruler attends the 60th Anniversary Dinner of Reading, Pa., Lodge. From left to right are Past State Presidents Daniel J. Miller and Charles Hogan, Past

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Grakelow, Toastmaster Karl Blankenbiller, Mr. Hall, State Association President John T. Gross, E.R. B. H. McCoy and D.D. Horace P. Schmidt.



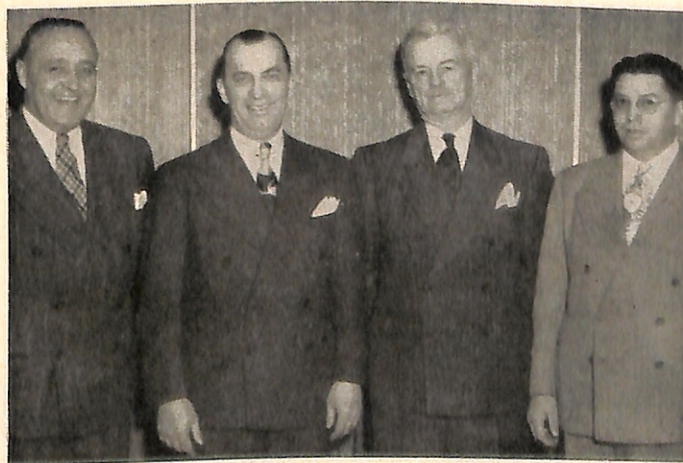
At Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, back row, left to right: Mr. Hall, E.R. Edgar Mehrley, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner; second row: Organist Rev. Frederick Weber, Esq. Paul McCoy, Lect. Knight Edwin Taylor, Grand Esquire Cyril A. Kremser, Lead. Knight Arnold Herbold, Loyal Knight Harmon Rouse, Chaplain George T. Smith; seated, Treas. D. F. Arnett and 28-year Secretary M. B. Wilson.



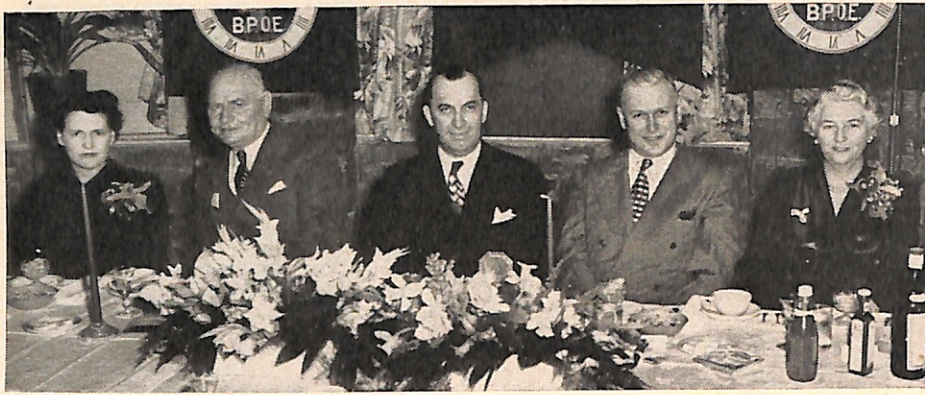
Grand Exalted Ruler Hall speaks at Sterling, Ill., Lodge. Seated left to right: P.E.R. Lloyd Phelps of Dixon, State Vice-Pres. W. G. Maltby, D.D. Walter Thorngren; Toastmaster W. L. Doyle; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner and E.R. James Frasor. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered his address especially to the Sterling winners in the national "Why Democracy Works" Essay Contest, to whom Mr. Hall presented the awards that evening.



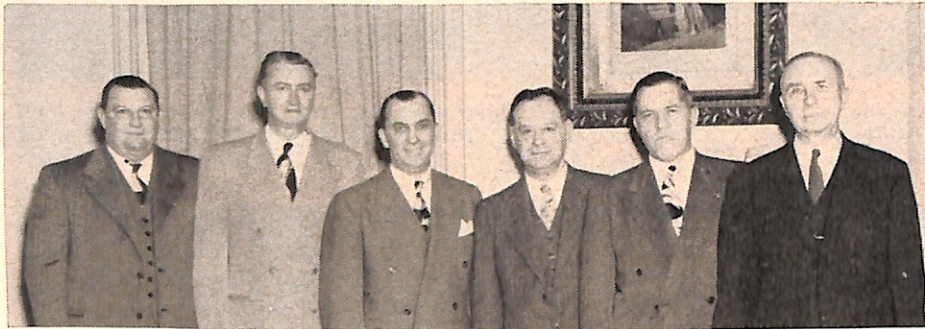
Newark, N. Y., Elk officials, pictured with Grand Exalted Ruler Hall, seated center, with E.R. W. W. Colby on his right and Past District Deputy T. R. Beales on his left.



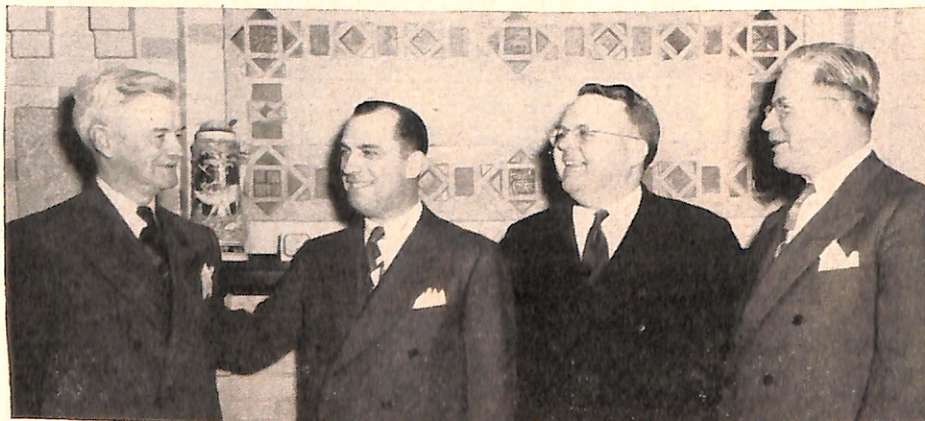
When Mr. Hall was entertained by Iowa Falls, Ia., Lodge. Left to right: D.D. Harry J. Schmidt, Mr. Hall, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner and E.R. Don Thompson.



Prior to the official dedication of Silver Springs, Md., Lodge's building, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were honored at dinner. Left to right: Mrs. Troy Waldrop, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert S. Barrett, Mr. Hall, E.R. Troy Waldrop and Mrs. Hall.



At Birmingham, Ala., left to right: State Pres. A. E. Stroecker, D.D. James B. Smiley, Mr. Hall, Past Grand Inner Guard John F. Antwine, Roderick M. McDuffie of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee and E.R. William A. Sperber.



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, left, welcomes the Order's leader to his home lodge at Dixon, Ill. Exalted Ruler Edwin W. Merrick and State Association Vice-President Willis G. Maltby stand at right.



The Grand Exalted Ruler presents Flags to Boy Scouts at Ilion, N. Y., Lodge after the boys had given Mr. Hall a scroll in appreciation of Elk interest.

115 where he was greeted by Boy Scouts who received their American Flags from the New York visitor. A broadcast was made from the Reading radio station. Mr. Hall's visit was a highlight in the celebration of No. 115's 60th Anniversary, marked by a banquet attended by about 200 persons. Honored guests included Grand Trustee Howard R. Davis, D.D. Horace P. Schmidt and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow.

On March 11th, Mr. Hall left for Lehighton where his party was welcomed by the high school band and Elk and civic officials on land, and by airplanes dipping and wheeling in salute in the air. About 700 high school students heard one of Mr. Hall's patriotic and dynamic addresses and later about 400 members of **LEHIGHTON LODGE NO. 1284** and visitors heard Mr. Hall at a luncheon meeting. En route to Allentown, the party made a brief stop at **BETHLEHEM LODGE NO. 191** before arriving at Allentown to be joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow, Mr. Schrader, Mr. Davis, Lee Donaldson, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Chairman H. Earl Pitzer of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. This group joined about 400 Elks at the banquet of **ALLENTOWN LODGE NO. 130** that evening.

Buffalo, N. Y., was Mr. Hall's arrival point on the 13th where Past State Pres. J. Theodore Moses, E.R. Norman Rozler of Lancaster Lodge and his officers welcomed him. With a sheriff and police escort, the party proceeded to **LANCASTER LODGE NO. 1478** where Mr. Hall was joined by State Pres. Sweeney, D.D. Robert Noonan and D.D. Earl C. Stahl. The lodge was celebrating its 25th Anniversary and about 450 members turned out for the Silver Jubilee banquet.

Back again in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 17th, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were greeted by Elk officials who accompanied them to Warren, Pa., where Mr. Hall made a radio broadcast directed particularly to the school children. Later a banquet took place at the Armory with about 450 Elks in attendance. Present at this **WARREN LODGE NO. 223** event were Mr. Masters, Mr. Schrader, Mr. Gross, Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Pitzer. All but Grand Secretary Masters accompanied Mr. Hall to **SHARON LODGE NO. 103** the next day for a dinner, preceded by a radio broadcast. Here Past Grand Exalted Ruler Kepner rejoined the party. A meeting following the dinner was attended by about 400.

On March 19th, the official party proceeded to Kittanning, Pa., where a luncheon at the Country Club was attended by about 100 industrial leaders and was sponsored by the Kittanning and Shannutt R.R. Co. A direct broadcast was made and later the members of **KITTANNING LODGE NO. 203** were host to about 500 persons at a dinner in Mr. Hall's honor. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler awarded prizes to the local winners in the national essay contest on "Why Democracy Works". Following the meeting Mr. Hall drove to Pittsburgh where he boarded a train for New York.

CHARLEROI, PA., LODGE PRESENTS GRAND SECRETARY MASTERS FOR REELECTION

Once again Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 474, is giving the delegates to a Grand Lodge Convention the privilege and opportunity to elect J. Edgar Masters to the office of Grand Secretary.

Affiliated with Charleroi Lodge since 1903, Mr. Masters became Exalted Ruler of that branch of the Order in 1908. Three years later, he was appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. Following this, he served ably on many Grand Lodge Committees, including the Committee on Social and Community Welfare.

In 1922 Mr. Masters took over the stewardship of the Order as its Grand Exalted Ruler, after having served as Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees for three years. From 1923 until his election as

Grand Secretary for the first time in 1927, Mr. Masters was a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Outside of his devoted service to the Order, Mr. Masters did a great deal for Washington County, Pa., during the four years he served it as Treasurer, and accomplished much as President of the Southwestern Pennsylvania State Normal School Board.

Each year since 1927, the Grand Lodge Convention delegates have unanimously reelected Mr. Masters as Grand Secretary, aware of his extraordinary abilities which fit him so well to perform the duties of his office. The members of his lodge are proud to present him once again to serve the Order in one of its most important stations.

Making Democracy Work

(Continued from page 21)

who played any part, however small, in making the contest a success, my warmest congratulations and deep-felt thanks and appreciation. The essay contest is over but we cannot and we will not stop here. Our Order must remain in the front ranks of the battle for democracy. We must continue and, if necessary, expand our program to make America's youth eager and able defenders of the democratic principles of liberty, justice and the dignity of the individual."

Comments by newspapers indicate the high regard with which the contest was greeted.

The Lufkin, Texas, *Daily News* wrote:

"One of the truly great American

fraternal orders in this country is the B.P.O.E., whose record has been one of fostering the American way of life as well as engaging in unparalleled charitable activities.

"The Daily News commends the Elks of this community and the nation for their worthwhile endeavor in behalf of keeping America American."

The Latrobe, Pa., *Bulletin* said editorially that:

"For timeliness, high purpose and incentive good citizenship, few of the other contests can touch it. Though the Elks contest is limited to high school students the subject propounded is one that may be studied with profit by everyone."

The Biddeford, Maine, *Journal*

wrote:

"The B.P.O.E. appears to have hit upon the right approach on a national level with a worthwhile project. This project reflects faith in America's youth, the Elks holding the belief that our youth will not fall victims to totalitarian philosophies when they are encouraged to meditate on the progress and achievements under democratic form of government."

Newspapers and radio gave wide coverage to the results of the local contest. Many papers published in full the prize winning essays.

The local winners competed in the state contest, conducted by the State Associations; these winners will participate in the national competition.

BROOKLINE, MASS., LODGE PRESENTS A CANDIDATE FOR THE BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886, unanimously adopted a resolution to present to the 1949 Grand Lodge Convention delegates the name of P.E.R. and Honorary Life Member Thomas J. Brady as a candidate for the Board of Grand Trustees for a five-year term.

A member of his lodge since 1919, Mr. Brady was appointed Esquire in 1920 and subsequently served through the regular chair offices. In 1927 he served as District Deputy for Massachusetts Central and was appointed Grand Tiler in 1928. The following year he was elected President of his State Association and became Grand Esquire in 1937 and again in 1942. A devoted Elk, he has attended 18 Grand Lodge Sessions.

Mr. Brady served for six years on the Board of

Selectmen of the town of Brookline. He served as Chairman of the Boy Scouts for many years and as Vice President of the N.E.A.A.U.; he was also appointed as an official of the State Boxing Commission.

As General Manager of a large manufacturing and retail clothing firm for the past 26 years, Mr. Brady organized the 25 to 50-year club of his coworkers, serving as its Vice-President. At this time he is completing his third term as President of the New England Furnishers and Clothiers Assn.

His long and distinguished service to his community, his associates and the Order mark him as a man with the prerequisites of an able and willing leader. The members of Brookline Lodge are confident of his abilities to assume the responsibilities and duties of the Board of Grand Trustees.

It's Derby Time in Old Kentucky

(Continued from page 19)

old Louisville Jockey Club, it was his custom to entertain royally, winning and dining his guests from mid-morning till twilight; on rainy days the party was held indoors. Out of that custom has developed one of the outstanding traditions of the modern Derby—the Kentucky Derby breakfast. This takes place in private homes in Louisville, clubs such as the ancient and exclusive Pendennis, and in the various dining rooms and restaurants at Churchill Downs.

The accepted and almost ritualistic “eye-opener” for these breakfasts is the mint julep—real Kentuckians call ‘em toddies—made, of course, from the native tippie of Kentucky, Bourbon whiskey.

Which reminds me of a joke about which Col. Winn has been laughing for twenty years. The writer had a young and innocent-in-the-ways-of-drinking friend in the advertising business, who was interested in increasing the sales of a certain rye whiskey. Without taking me into his confidence, the young man wrote to the Colonel using my name as an introduction and inquiring into the possibilities of having his product used for advertising purposes in Derby Day juleps.

“Not only would this,” chuckles the Colonel, “have put an end to the Derby. But I also would have had to leave the State in the dead of night one jump ahead of a posse, probably led by the Hatfields and the McCoys. I wouldn’t have liked that very much because I was born right here in Louisville and have lived here all my life.”

For the record, the Colonel was born in Derby Town on June 30, 1861, when the guns of the Civil War were just beginning to growl, and the tramp of marching feet in the streets provided the sound effects that heralded his arrival.

His own bugle call, however, always has been the peaceful “Boots and Saddle” of racing.

“I was too young for that war and too old for the others,” he explains.

But nowhere has there ever been a more patriotic, all-out, all-over American. His great pride in the last war were his several grandsons who saw active duty. And the Down race track itself was made use of as a propaganda war camp (Camp Winn), although the continuity of the Derby was not interrupted. It was just a little late in the Spring of ‘45.

Which fact made it possible for the writer to get back from the second war he had watched end in Europe in time to keep intact a record of not having missed a Derby in a quarter of a century.

In those 25 years, in spite of aspersions in certain quarters that I’ve never picked a winner, I have picked seven Derby winners, missing the one-two-three-four “Hat Trick” by the length of a lead pencil, when I

called it one-two with Cavalcade and Discovery in 1934. As also last season with the Calumet pair of Citation and Coaltown.

Moreover, I’ve had the good fortune with my Derby selections usually to have had them “there or thereabout”, as racing folks say, even when they missed getting a whiff of the necklace of roses.

WITH which rather extended wind-up, I suggest that rather than the conventional mint julep for your Derby breakfast, you ask for the Wine List and order the J. H. Whitney, or Greentree, entry.

Although he has yet, at this writing, to run farther than four and one-half furlongs and the distance of the big race is a mile and two furlongs, i.e., a mile and one-quarter, my first choice is Wine List.

If both stand training, this bay son of Questionnaire and Fizz II—which makes his name a natural, doesn’t it?—will be coupled in the Derby betting with the more highly tried and regarded Capot.

In the 1942 renewal, which was the last time that Greentree and Trainer “Princeton John” Gaver had an entry in the race, it won. Furthermore, the least likely candidate in the minds of the public, Shut Out, was the one that saved the bacon for the followers of the pink and black striped silks. Shut Out’s stablemate was the mighty Devil Diver, which could do no better than sixth that day. That was the time that Jockey Eddie Arcaro really chose the better horse as his mount, but wound up with the wrong one insofar as the Derby was concerned.

Otherwise, the Kentucky “Archer” (Covington, Ky., is Arcaro’s home town) could now boast that he had ridden five horses into the flower-bordered closure that is reserved for Kentucky Derby winners only. Even as it stands, he holds the record for Derby jockeys with four, Lawrin, Hoop Jr., Whirlaway and Citation.

The leading trainers, also with four triumphs each, are Ben Jones, who is credited with Lawrin, Whirlaway, Pensive and Citation, and the late “Derby Dick” Thompson, who trained for the Derby Man, Col. Edward Riley Bradley. However, as a matter of fact, both these trainers have credit for one winner that they did not actually train. Ben Jones’ son, “Maje Jim”, prepared Citation a year ago and an old gentleman by the name of Hurley prepped Brokers Tip for the last of Bradley’s quartet of victories in 1933.

Down through the years the Kentucky Derby has been won by equine greats whose names will live in the archives of the Turf: Hindoo, Ben Brush, Old Rosebud, Regret, the magnificent filly that was the only one of her sex ever to win the classic; the beloved Exterminator, affectionately known as “Old Bones”; Sir Barton, first Triple Crown winner; Zev, the fabulous Black Gold, Gallant Fox, Twenty Grand, Cavalcade, Omaha, War Admiral, Count Fleet, and last—but far from least—Citation. These are but a few of the stalwart steeds that have won since Aristides took the inaugural in 1875. But the others, too, will live in racing history—for any horse that wins the Kentucky Derby needs no other claim to fame.

To return to Capot, winner of the Pimlico Futurity in emphatic fashion last Fall, he, also, is well named, although the general public might doubt that unless provided with an explanation. Capot, pronounced in two syllables, Ka-Pot, is a term in the game of piquet, which means to win the whole pot, like gin in gin-rummy. And Capot was sired by Menow and is from the dam, Piquet.

THE Greentree hopes and the remainder of the Derby field, which is likely to come to around a dozen starters, will not, of course, have the Winter-long favorite for the race, Blue Peter, to beat.

As a rule about ten per cent of the horses nominated for the Derby actually get to the post. Col. Bradley was wont to claim that it was 5-to-1 against that you couldn’t name a Derby starter, to say nothing of the winner, in March.

The wisdom of the Colonel’s claim was emphasized when Joseph M. Roebing’s stalwart son of the Derby-winning stallion, War Admiral, out of a Case Ace mare named Carillon—which rang the bell so repeatedly to win the juvenile championship last year—was withdrawn on April 5. Blue Peter had ruled favorite from the instant the first future book was announced on this year’s Derby. But an intestinal complication interrupted his training, and owner Roebing and trainer Andy Schuttinger decided to withdraw the colt.

The scratching of Blue Peter, of



course, robs the race of a tithe of its interest, but it still remains one of the classiest of the long string of Derbies in point of competition. Olympia, for instance, is a colt of the same type as Wine List, which took the track in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah in March, and never came back to his field. This son of Heliopolis—Miss Dolphin did likewise in the Experimental Handicap No. 1 at Jamaica April 2, this time winning by eight lengths in 1:10 4/5, fastest clocking in the 10-year history of the six-furlong fixture. On April 9, he followed up by winning Experimental Handicap No. 2 at a mile and a sixteenth in impressive style.

One of Fred Hooper's flying twins along with his stablemate, Ocean Drive, Olympia was not so fortunate in the Santa Anita Derby, when he was flown to California to take a whirl at that \$100,000-stake.

Out there at Charley Strub's beautiful course with its snow-capped mountain for a backdrop, the winner of the Derby turned up in Clifford Mooers' Old Rockport at some such happy odds as 30-odd to 1, and your money back, of course.

Moreover, Mr. Mooers, a World War I flier, who has played all the games in an exciting and varied life and had all kinds of luck from the incredible, good and bad, to the impossible, insists that Old Rockport is going to do it all over again at Louisville.

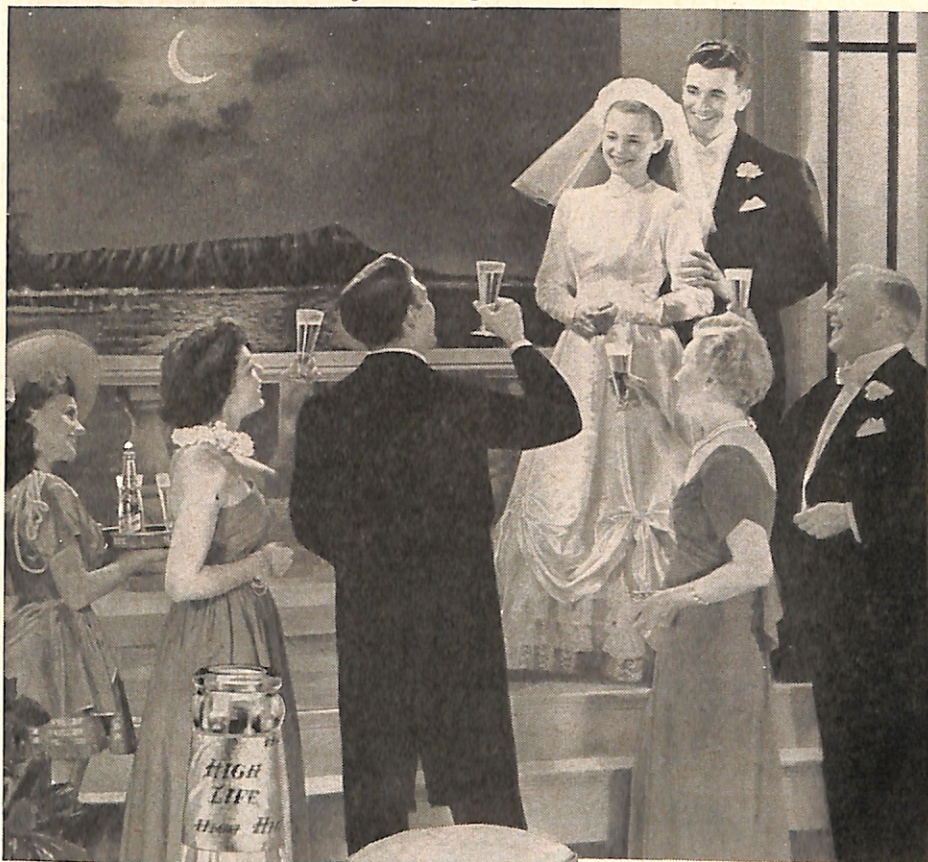
WHICH may be a hunch for any golfer who chances to read this. Old Rockport is named for a golf club in Texas, where Mooers finally hit the jackpot by sticking a thumb in the ground and bringing it out black with oil. So confident is Mooers of his chances that he has hired the Dallas jockey, the veteran Steve Brooks, to ride Old Rockport in the Derby, so as to make it an all-Texas triumph.

There is some question at the moment whether Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's (she's Elizabeth Arden, the lady who makes all the ladies beautiful) Mr. Busher, can recover from an injury he suffered rolling in a sandpile in March in time to train for the Derby. Still, he may.

Other potential starters that loom large in the picture at this writing are Mrs. Ada L. Rice's Chicago-owned Bull Lea colt, Admiral Lea, Mrs. Graham's The Poet, Mrs. Royce G. Martin's Sport Page, Mrs. Emil Denmark's Provocative, also a Chicago entrant, the Belair Stud's Diaz, J. A. Kinard Jr.'s John's Joy, Mrs. B. F. Whitaker's Wide Request, and, possibly, King Ranch's Swap Out and Alfred Vanderbilt's Stone Age.

Which list, obviously, must be considered as subject to considerable change between now and post time for the race of races, when the early spring shadows, or rain-drops, will fall across the old Downs, and the massed thousands will thrill once more to the greatest moment in sports in our great sports-loving nation.

A Toast to you with *The Champagne of Bottle Beer*



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A folder describing details and advantages of Western-Winchester Trap and Skeet loads. Address: Dept. 209-A, Western Cartridge Co., Division of Olin Industries, Inc., East Alton, Illinois.

Rod

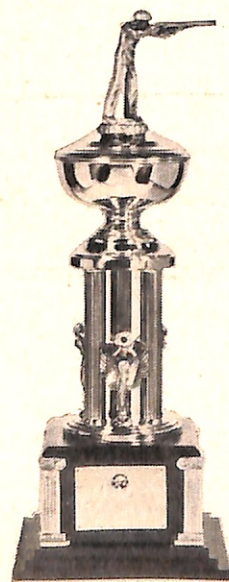
Trapshooting foots the bill for Homedale's successful gun club.

THE boy handed me a telegram and I tore it open. It read: BECAUSE OF GROWING INTEREST IN TRAPSHOOTING AMONG ELKS CLUBS WOULD LIKE SPECIAL ROD AND GUN ARTICLE ABOUT TRAPSHOOTING FOR MAY ISSUE. ANY CONSTRUCTIVE ANGLE OKAY. MUST HAVE COPY BY MARCH 24. CANNOT LOCATE DAN HOLLAND. WILL YOU HANDLE? PLEASE WIRE REPLY. The wire was from the Editors of *The Elks Magazine*. I went back into the house and looked at the calendar. The 24th was less than ten days away and it takes a week for mail to go from my



ELKS

WEEK of July 10th will be a big week for gunners. The Elks National Trapshooting Contest will be held in conjunction with the Grand Lodge Convention at that time. Contest day is Monday, July 11th.



The place will be Dover Bay Gun Club—15 miles from Cleveland's public square—easy reaching distance and a fine range. It's at Bay Village, Ohio. There will be many suitable na-

and Gun

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

home to New York. Even airmail usually requires a couple of days between posting and delivery. That didn't leave me much time.

It would have been plenty except for one thing: I never had shot a round of traps in my life! The chances of becoming an authority on the subject in three or four days didn't look very good. I started for the phone. I'd tell them I couldn't do it. Then I looked at the wire again. I read that "any constructive angle" part a couple of times. I hated to let them down, so I said to myself, "Trueblood, you need an angle."

Mainly, I use my head to hang my hat on when nothing else is handy. Sometimes, however, ideas come out of it. I decided to push the button and see what happened. I sat down in the most comfortable chair,
(Continued on page 46)

Trapshooting Contest—

tional awards in addition to the two trophies shown on these pages which will be offered by The Elks Magazine. Upper left is cup to be awarded to highest scoring team; lower right is plaque for runner-up team.

RULES — Under American Trapshooting Association.

For further details write—

George H. Cotterell
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12 THE PERFECT REPEATER — The Winchester Model 12 is a superior gun in every way. Its design, mechanical operation, and shooting efficiency have been developed in specific styles to fit the needs of every shooter. It is available in trap and skeet models, and with ventilated or matted rib.



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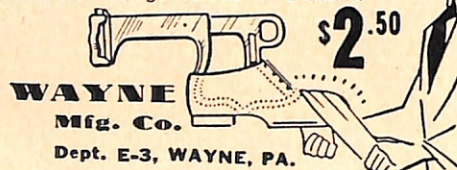
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**THE ELKS
MAGAZINE**

Cleveland—Convention City

(Continued from page 7)

man Award, the city's most coveted civic prize.

While other communities have let antagonisms ferment, Clevelanders have done something. A notable contribution has been the city's Cultural Gardens in Rockefeller Park where the flowers of their homelands are grown by and for each national group—at a cost per garden of up to \$100,000. Statues of great artists, musicians, philosophers—politicians are strictly barred—are reminders in each garden of old-world contributions to new-world progress. In summer, these gardens become the scene of group and family outings for as many as 10,000 people in a month. Since many of the younger people have intermarried with other nationalities, the gardens have become an increasingly effective means of promoting the international respect which, sociologists say, is a key to world peace.

PROMOTION of intercultural relations also is one of the activities of the Cleveland Library, which is probably the most remarkable such institution anywhere. An Englishman studying library facilities in the U. S. summed up the city's pre-eminence, "Cleveland is a library Garden of Paradise," he wrote. "It has the most enlightened and appreciative library community in the world."

When a Cleveland businessman needs information he calls the library's Business Advisory Service which can tell him the telephone number of the president of Brazil, the quantity of fish caught annually in the Gulf of Mexico, where to buy Fenton glass or the average 1913 earnings of British journeymen carpenters—and tell him almost as readily as some people can tell the time of day. One businessman needed quickly a stenographer able to operate a Russian typewriter. He called the library and in a few hours he had three.

Like most libraries, this one is full of books, some of which—such as a copy of the Koran bound with human skin and another proving there were metered taxicabs in China in 265 A.D.—are very strange. However, it is not books but how much they are read that counts, and Cleveland boasts the highest per capita circulation in the world. It was the first library to put books on open shelves. Today it merchandises its books like a department store. Eye- and interest-catching signs mark the shelves. One shelf placarded "Stranger than Fiction" contained merely some special books on business but it drew customers like flies.

While silence is golden in most such institutions, whenever it gets quiet enough in Cleveland for a librarian to hear a pin drop she promptly organizes some new activity. Two

years ago a librarian learned with dismay that 10,000,000 people in the United States were over sixty-five and that by 1980 there would be at least 20,000,000. Immediately a Live Long and Like It Club was organized for older people and in a few months attendance climbed to 300 and now overflows the auditorium. Some members live on old-age pensions; others arrive with limousine and chauffeur. But they all have fun holding their own musicales, producing a member's play, arranging lectures, taking sight-seeing tours and following planned reading programs. One elderly man was so grateful he contributed \$500; another, lacking money, expressed her appreciation by presenting the library with the only book she possessed.

With culture so abundant it is a natural assumption that the townspeople would have little time for hell-raising. But Cleveland is an industrial town with huge plants like General Motors, Sherwin-Williams, Republic Steel, Thompson Products, Warner and Swasey and a big slice of duPont and it is an old Spanish axiom that where industry flourishes somewhere nearby there is sure to be some strenuous relaxing.

Nevertheless, the visitor doesn't find it readily. The immense concentration of wealth and the city's spread-out growth toward extensive suburbs fostered a tradition of entertainment in the home, which has made the city obnoxiously dull to some fun-loving traveling salesmen. When they can, they avoid overnight stops there for a more hospitably raucous atmosphere in Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati or Pittsburgh. In their Pullman-lounge phraseology, Cleveland—despite 15,000 annual arrests for vagrancy, vice and intoxication—is doornail dead.

When a photographer tried to get an eleven p.m. picture of Playhouse Square—the local equivalent of Times Square in New York—he had to give up. At that hour the streets were practically deserted.

IT IS true that Clevelanders support few night clubs and almost no good ones. They will turn out in droves for the Metropolitan Opera, their own excellent symphony or a good play. While visiting New York, Clevelanders like their night clubs as much as anyone, but local crowded dance floors, either be-bop or sweet, have little attraction. Visiting firemen, who might become bored sitting around the parlors and participating in hair-down, home-town backbiting, do get taken to night spots. If it's fellow-Ohioan Louis Bromfield or Gertude Lawrence their hosts probably will select the Bronze Room of the Hotel Cleveland; if it's Jascha Heifitz they'll usually ask Ernest for a front-row table at his smart new Vogue Room in the Hollenden. If

it's Hedda Hopper, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., or General Ike Eisenhower, they'll likely show up at Herman Pirschner's El Dorado Club on Playhouse Square. If it's just folks, they'll go to the Alpine Village, a Bing Crosby conception of Switzerland, where every bride gets a rolling pin and the enduring proprietor has been kissed 28,000 times by happy, newlywed lady celebrants.

Because most people eat in their homes Cleveland's restaurants while often good are seldom notable. The better hotels are good—the Statler cooks chops by radar—Stouffer's and the Colonial dependable. Gruber's in Shaker Village and Fred Harvey's in the Terminal—tops.

But to people concerned with community welfare, more important than food or drink is Cleveland's success with juvenile delinquents. It is a city-wide achievement aided by many civic groups but the sparkplug of the program is the Juvenile Unit of the Crime Prevention Bureau, directed by kindly, greying Captain Arthur Roth who became a magician and ventriloquist to win friends and influence people among the town's toughs. In 1947 Roth chalked up an astonishing 24 per cent decrease in felonious juvenile offenses. Last year he did it again; knocking another 17.7 per cent off 1947's achievement.

To give youngsters civic responsibility he enrolls 50,000 of Cleveland's 180,000 school children each semester into safety councils. To give them fun with help of Bill Veeck, Cleveland Indians' president, last year he got 209,000 to big-league ball games—free, and 50,000 to football games.

Results like these take some doing and with Job-like patience and deep understanding there is little Roth and his staff of 24 hand-picked police won't do to rehabilitate a youngster turning bad. Confronted with neighborhood conditions apparently beyond control, Roth organized a community Boystown for potential delinquents. Given a meeting place, the boys elected their own mayor and councilmen who appoint judges and other officers. They planned their own recreation and handicrafts. The first Boystown was so successful in curbing offenders, thereafter three more were organized under police supervision. By 1947 Roth decided his Boystowns were no longer a police problem; turned them and their 1,500 enthusiastic, once delinquent members over to the Recreation Department. Now the first Girlstown is operating.

WHY one city should have such remarkable civic accomplishment while another does not perplexes students of municipal development. Some Clevelanders say it probably stemmed from Mayor Tom Johnson (1901-1909) who came to their city from Pittsburgh a millionaire and who died broke, giving his life and his fortune battling for the little guy, even to inaugurating gar-

(Continued on page 44)

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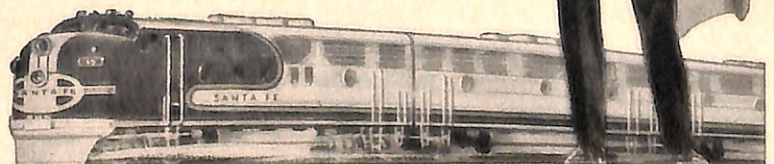
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bage collection and a 3-cent carfare. Others maintain Cleveland is like it is because the people want it that way. "Anybody can have what we got," a taxi driver said recently, "so long as they can vote."

But there is more to it than that. Votes elect, but people administer. Perhaps a reason may some day be found in the city's fortunate heritage. It got its start and its name because Yankee-shrewd Connecticut, unlike other states, demanded and got the vast "Western Reserve" of its original charter as the price of its Revolutionary War casualties. In 1795, in a daring gamble—for no one knew where the land was precisely—the Connecticut Land Company bought some three million acres of this wilderness for \$1,200,000 in notes and sent West to survey and settle a party of 45 surveyors, boatmen and laborers—and two women. The party was headed by Yale man, soldier-surveyor General Moses Cleveland who led it to the mouth of the Cuyahoga River on the south shore of Lake Erie and on July 22, 1796, gave the spot his name. How the "a" was dropped no one knows but there is a likely story that it was omitted in 1818 by the publisher of the *Cleveland Gazette & Commercial Register* who couldn't otherwise get

his paper's name in a single line of type.

His work done, Cleveland returned home where he died ten years later without again seeing his town. The site was better than he knew. A sandbar blocked the harbor and later settlers thought themselves smart when they went farther west to start a rival community at the mouth of Rocky River. But the government removed the sandbar and opened Cuyahoga (crooked) River, which now snakes through the city providing the five-mile waterfront which gave Cleveland its shipping dominance in the Great Lakes and made of it a world ship-building center (for years it was second only to the Clyde in Scotland).

By 1850, when iron ore was discovered in the Marquette Range, Clevelanders were prosperous enough to supply development capital and grabbed the business. When the fabulous Mesabi Range was uncovered the bulk of the ore traffic was routed through Cleveland, and now travels in 15 fleets of 320 Cleveland owned ore-coal ships. It was unloaded by Cleveland-developed fast machinery (now used throughout the world) and processed, much of it, in Cleveland mills. Pessimists wonder what will happen to Cleve-

land in 20 years if, as geologists predict, the top-grade Mesabi ore then gives out. But Clevelanders aren't worried. Their town, they say, always comes out on top.

This abiding faith in the destiny of their city is a symptom, not a cause, of its greatness. Nor are the churches, the National Air Races, the \$4,000,000 Stadium, the factories or even the museums, proper measures of its distinction.

Pondering the question recently a visitor found himself in a meeting of the City Council. Instead of the usual motley of hangers-on, special pleaders and pressure groupers, he was surprised to find a respectable assortment of ordinary citizens. During the meeting they rose from time to time to speak in protest or approval of pending or past action. The visitor was reminded of a New England town meeting where in their puritan-white Town Halls neighbors get together to discuss and resolve community problems. Suddenly the visitor realized that Cleveland isn't a city at all. For a big town it's small like a New England village, where people do things together. Then he knew he had the answer to its greatness and its strength. Cleveland is simply the biggest small town in the world.

Where Do We Go From Here?

(Continued from page 16)

you would not know the difference from the real thing." It seems as if there might be something there to titillate the imagination of a youngster.

When young people write Bernard M. Baruch asking about opportunities Mr. Baruch stresses in his replies the importance of self-discipline. "Mental and physical discipline," he wrote a Denver High School yearbook editor, "will fit you to meet any of the problems of the present and the future. Without these two all will be guesswork and piecemeal. There has been too much of that in our conduct of national and international affairs. We must be honest with ourselves and deal with facts."

There is another valuable quality which rarely is stressed: Imagination. If man does not think beyond his predecessors he can never progress. Generations ago a now forgotten French wine-grower demonstrated the importance of imagination—and observation. He kept his wine cellars spic and span; nevertheless from time to time his wine casks were attacked by a tiny borer which could in no time make a sieve out of a solid oak keg. But this vintner noticed that there were no borers in a nearby cave where he stored some old casks—and which he did not keep clean. The cave was covered with dusty cobwebs and happy spiders had the run of the place, undisturbed. The vintner wondered if there wasn't some relationship between spiders and borers; some an-

cient antagonism that might work to his advantage. He transplanted some spiders to his cellar and let them gaily spin as much silken webbing as they wished. Soon the borers disappeared. The spiders had eaten them. That is why wine lovers today fondly display their products with dust and cobwebs clinging to the bottle. It is the mark of a well run cellar.

Trained imaginations also once saved the sugar industry of Puerto Rico. When the U. S. took over there in 1898 there was an immediate expansion of the sugar industry. Thousands of new acres of sugar cane were planted to the immense delight of small but enterprising white grubs, the larvae of several species of May beetles. These grubs fattened on the roots of the sugar cane, invariably with fatal consequences to the plant, and, since the number of grubs seemed unlimited, with considerable detriment to the fortunes of the sugar planters.

Various methods of control were tried. On some plantations the grubs and beetles were even picked off the stalks by hand. In four years one plantation collected 10,000,000 beetles at a cost, with dirt-cheap labor, of \$15,000. On another 24,000,000 grubs and beetles were picked up in six years and there appeared to be as many left as when the collection started.

Into this unhappy situation a couple of young scientists introduced the giant toad, a stolid citizen from the tropical Western Hemisphere

mainland, who asks nothing more of life than a chance to reproduce and an unlimited supply of white grubs to feed upon. It is likely that the happiest white toads in the world are those who were transplanted to Puerto Rico. They went about eating white grubs by the billions. Today the insect which once threatened the whole sugar crop is no more than a slight annoyance.

Young people were once fired by the development of the airplane, believing it offered vast and uncharted future possibilities. Asked about it recently a college senior said, "The aircraft industry is old stuff. Airplanes are already going everywhere in the world. What's new there?"

One of the commoner clichés of the day is that the airplane is here to stay. But that's all anyone can be sure about. The other day, not a big-shot but just a little-shot businessman had breakfast in his New York apartment, taxied to La Guardia Field and took a plane for Cincinnati—a twelve-hour train trip—put in a full eight hours of work in downtown Cincinnati and was back in New York in his apartment by nine p.m. That was no record, just a routine trip using regular scheduled flights on planes that had first been designed ten years earlier.

WHAT has happened to the airplane since the development of those ancient types (Constellation and DC 6) used by my friend on the Cincinnati trip cannot readily be imagined. In one recent week more

was revealed about current airplane speeds than at any time since the war. First of all came the transcontinental flight of the Navy's new Constitution, a 92-ton job that lumbered across the country with 80-odd passengers in the ho-hum time of nine and one-half hours. That, we said, was pretty good considering its behemoth size. But it couldn't touch the six and three-quarter hours made by a DC-6 or the five and one-quarter hours achieved for the same distance by a Constellation, each with a whiskaway tail wind.

A couple of days later, Air Force Chief of Staff Hoyt S. Vandenberg declared that the B-50 and the B-36, a couple of comparatively new bombers, either of which could carry more people than a Pullman car, were so fast that jet fighters were having trouble intercepting them.

But the speed thrill of the week seemed to be provided by the 100-ton B-49, a flying wing that hi-tailed it from California to Washington in 4½ hours. Four and a half hours to cross the continent! That's not speed, people said, that's a miracle. Why a man taking off from New York in one of these things at nine in the morning would land at Los Angeles at 10:30—in barely enough time to get his watch set back.

Well, the flabbergasted public had no more than gulped this one before another Air Force bomber took off from Washington State and landed in Maryland three and three-quarter hours later. This B-47 jet job competed across the country at an average of 607 miles an hour, just a little better than ten miles a minute. As one who remembers when Barney Oldfield set the world on fire by attaining the unbelievable speed of one mile a minute, I say that is fast! On that schedule a man leaving New York at nine a.m. would land in San Francisco at 9:45—not quite the speed of the sun, but near enough to singe your whiskers.

Such speed isn't available to the general traveler—yet. But it will be, and soon. What it portends for the future of peace, world trade and man's well-being is anybody's guess and doesn't really matter much. For good or evil it will come. But what it does mean is that the aviation transportation business is, like television, still a young man's business.

But aviation—and television and hundreds of other new and old developments—have yet to find a horizon. Not only in aircraft design but even in office procedures, no one knows what is the best way of doing things. Aviation remains one of those exciting pioneering ventures which men of spirit and intellect can tackle in confident expectation of a life of high adventure.

When some youngster complains that there are no more opportunities—that the romance has gone out of business—perhaps the best answer you can give him is simply to look up into the sky. Until it is full of planes there will be a man's work to do.

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 41)

propped my feet up and closed my eyes. Twenty minutes later I had an angle.

Homedale, Idaho, a small town about 40 miles west of Boise, near the Oregon line, has a rod and gun club. My brother Burt, who lives near there, belongs to it and, although the town has no Elks lodge, conditions and opportunities for running a trapshooting club are typical. I recalled his telling me that the club was in debt two years ago, but that it had now paid out and had a bank balance of about \$600. The Homedale club paid its bills, financed several worthwhile projects and put money in the bank with trapshooting. It occurred to me that many trapshooting clubs sponsored by Elks lodges should be able to do the same thing. That was my angle.

I went down to Homedale next day. I talked to Verner Swensson, president of the club, and he told me how it worked. Then he, my brother and I, Everett Colley, publisher of the local paper, and his wife, and D. H. Matteson went out to the trap. The boys shot up a couple of boxes of my quail loads. I took a few pictures and made a startling run of three straight hits and I had my story.

The end of the war found the Homedale club in the doldrums. There were only a few members, they had no money and owed several bills and the prospects of paying them were poor. Many former members had left the community or lost interest. The few remaining considered dropping the whole thing.

Then someone came up with the idea of installing a trap and holding

shoots during the winter months. They hashed it over and decided to give the plan a trial. After all, they didn't have much to lose.

They found a piece of vacant land not far from town and went to work. The members built the first trap house, a crude affair of sandbags over a wooden frame, and installed a trap. Stations were placed for a squad of eight—three more than standard, but still workable.

Operating more or less by trial and error, the club made some mistakes during the first season. It also made some money. Now, trapshooting has paid off.

The Homedale club, since its reorganization, has had a life of only two years. At the end of the first year it still was in debt. At present it has \$600 in the bank, about 60 members—which is excellent, considering the size of the town—and a bright future.

It is affiliated with the National Rifle Association and holds indoor smallbore shoots regularly. Instruction for juniors is included in this program. It belongs to the Idaho Wildlife Federation and through it to the National Federation.

Periodically it holds a dinner or shows motion pictures of hunting and fishing subjects. During the recent unprecedented cold winter, the club fed ducks and upland birds in co-operation with the State Game Department. Projects currently in the works include development of several recreation areas on nearby streams and the construction of a couple of rearing ponds for warm-water fish, such as bass, crappies and bluegills.

Trapshooting not only footed the



Millions of Americans like to shoot. As long as they do and are willing to pay for the privilege there is an opportunity for well-conducted organizations such as the Homedale, Idaho, gun club to operate on a financially sound basis. Above: Everett Colley, Burt Trueblood and Verner Swensson of the Homedale club.

bill for all of this but it stimulated interest in the club and brought out new talent, as well. Last year the members built a concrete trap house and made a few minor improvements in the layout. One of them loaded a small house, complete with stove and benches, on a wagon and hauled it to the grounds. It added greatly to the comfort of the shooters during cold weather.

THE Homedale club uses two systems in its shoots. The first, and possibly the more popular, is the ham shoot. The club buys the hams and one is offered as prize for high gun in each squad of eight men.

Each shooter buys his shells from the club, pays a dollar and gets five shots. If two or more tie they shoot another round of five to settle it. Here is the arithmetic involved:

First, the club buys ammunition for \$35 a case and sells it for \$40—\$2 a box. The eight shooters pay a dollar apiece and, at present prices, hams average about \$5.50. Targets cost the club about 1¼ cents each, or 50 cents for the 40 birds shot by a squad of eight—unless there is a shoot-off. Recovery of unbroken targets just about takes care of that.

The expense, then, totals approximately \$6, leaving \$2 profit, plus the 25 cents cleared on each box of shells. If 30 hams are awarded during the shoot, the club makes \$67.50.

The other system, which may be run alone or in conjunction with the ham shoot, is the money shoot. In it each man buys his ammunition from the club and pays a dollar. He gets to shoot at five targets and receives a dime for each hit. The club keeps 25 cents out of each dollar to pay for the targets and for its profit, and the top man in the squad gets the balance.

A money shoot usually is run in at any time during the day when there are not enough shooters ready to make up a full squad of eight. From four to seven men make up the usual squad in a money shoot. It also is used to give the rookies, who would not have a chance with the regulars, a chance to compete against each other. In a small community there always are a few men at every shoot who never have trapshot before and it is important to help them.

The profit to the club in the money shoot ordinarily runs between ten and 20 cents per man, or about a dollar on a squad of five when the markup on the shells is included.

Of course, the trap layout serves another purpose besides making money for the club. The members are allowed to shoot for practice. They receive targets and ammunition at cost. This furnishes a good, year-around activity that helps to keep interest in the club alive.

There are many other ways in which trapshooting can be used to finance club activity besides holding money or prize shoots. In Wilder, Idaho, another small town about six miles from Homedale, outside par-

(Continued on page 48)

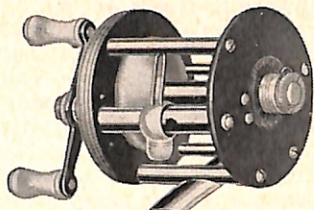
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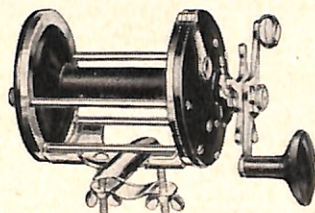
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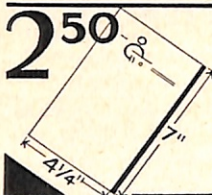
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ticipation is not encouraged. I don't
mean that non-members aren't al-
lowed to shoot. The Wilder club, be-
cause it doesn't hold prize events,
simply doesn't attract them.

Wilder furnishes the ammunition
and targets. Shooters pay \$2.50 per
round of 25. That leaves about 25
cents profit. The Wilder club, with
approximately 50 members, now has
\$1,300 in the bank. It meets once a
month and refreshments always are
served. The club pays for them and
plans to spend about a dollar for each
member at the meeting.

This year it will furnish a thousand
signs to farmers in that vicinity.
They will be framed and mounted on
board ready to put up and will read
"No Hunting Without Permission."
They will make friends for the club
by helping to reduce October vandal-
ism and they will be used by many
landowners who would otherwise put
up signs reading simply, "No Hunt-
ing."

The Wilder club also plans to move
its trap this year and to install better
facilities. It has the money to pay
the cost, thanks to trapshooting.

I make no claim that these meth-
ods of financing club activity are
anything new or startling. They
probably have been used by many
organizations in small communities
throughout the United States for
many years. I do know, however,
that they are not used in many places
where they could be.

Millions of Americans like to shoot.
As long as they do and are willing to
pay for the privilege there is an op-
portunity for some local organiza-
tion, such as the Elks, in almost
every community to make money. At
the same time, that group will be en-
couraging participation in a whole-
some outdoor recreation.

Under some circumstances the ad-
dition of a prize such as a turkey,
ham or money might be considered
undesirable. When this is the case
the type of shoot used by the Wilder
club is the answer. Trapshooting is
a competitive sport, but at the regu-
lar Wilder shoots the only compe-
tion is between the shooters them-
selves, not under the auspices of the
club. The usual bet between two
members is for the loser to pay the
tab. The club still makes its profit.

ONE way in which a small club
can get into difficulty is through
laxness in selecting the squads for a
prize shoot. There is a certain type of
hotshot trapshooter who makes a
practice of visiting small shoots for
the deliberate purpose of taking home
a carload of loot.

The way to handle these cuties is
for the club official forming the
squads to be on his toes and spot
them as they come in. If he knows
his business he'll let them shoot, all
right, but he'll make up the squads so
that they compete among themselves,
not with the local talent. Shooters of
this type, like professional gamblers,
lose interest when they have to com-
pete against each other. They want
the sucker money.

It is equally important, of course,
to make up the various other squads
so they are composed of men whose
skill is approximately equal, even
when only local shooters are involved.
This presents no particular problem,
however, since the ability of all the
regulars soon is well known.

Club members ordinarily save mon-
ey by running the trap and perform-
ing other necessary chores them-
selves. Should they desire to, of
course, there is nothing to prevent
them from hiring it done.

My first and most satisfactory con-
tact with trapshooting was indirect.
It was during the hard times of the
early thirties and my brother and I
were batching one winter, down at
the farm. At that time I was trying
to write cowboy stories. Possibly I
should say that I was trying to sell
them. I wrote dozens and hopefully
mailed them off and no editor ever
bought a single one. I suppose they
were pretty bad. Cowboy stories have
to be bad if *nobody* will buy them.

Along in January we found that
our total cash resources came to less
than seven dollars. I was in favor of
spending it all for food. Seven dol-
lars would buy a lot of groceries in
those days.

My brother, however, had learned
that a turkey shoot was to be held in
one of the neighboring communities.
He wanted to take our capital and go
win a lot of turkeys. We had a few
boxes of shells left over from the
hunting season. He said he would
shoot them, use our money to pay
the entry fees and bring home more
food than we could buy for seven
dollars.

We spent an entire evening dis-
cussing it. I didn't like the idea.
Neither of us had shot traps before.
I said I'd rather have seven dollars
worth of food for sure than twenty
dollars worth of turkeys—maybe.

Turkeys were worth about four
dollars apiece then, and he contended
that he simply couldn't help winning
at least a couple. I argued that beans
and flour would go farther, even if he
did win two or three. Besides, I said,
he might not win any.

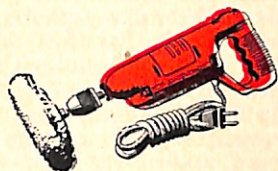
Finally I conceded the argument,
and next morning he started for the
shoot in his rattletrap coupe with his
gun and shells and our seven dollars.
I didn't go. He is a much better shot
than I, and it would have been sheer
extravagance for me to enter.

It was a long five hours before he
returned. When he did, I ran out,
full of misgivings, to learn the re-
sults. When I got close enough to see
I discovered that the whole back end
of his car was full of turkeys. There
were six of them, and they were big.
I laid them out on the lawn and
counted them again.

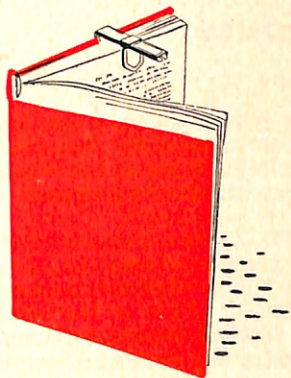
He had entered seven squads at a
dollar each. He had won six times.
We ate turkey every day for a month.

That was a lot of turkey. It lasted
me for a long time. Now, even on
Thanksgiving, I can get along with-
out it. I'd just as soon have duck,
thank you. But trapshooting is all
right.

Gadgets and Gimmicks

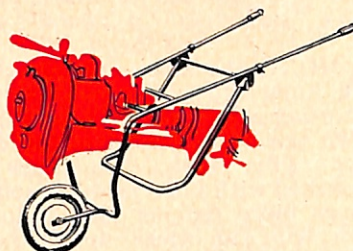


ONCE in a long while an item comes to our attention that can honestly claim to be of interest to domestic males and females alike. Here is such an item. It is an electric polisher that can work with equal grace polishing the car or the dining room table. It eliminates the tedious hours of hand polishing that formerly went into the creation of gleaming surfaces whether they were gleaming fenders or drop leaves. It works equally well on flat surfaces, curves, edges and corners. Also available is a sanding unit that should make anyone eager to embark on refinishing furniture or just smoothing up the corners of that home-made bookcase that looks a trifle rough after hours of sanding by hand. To cap the show, there is also a set of twenty drills for metal, wood or plastic hole drilling. The portable, hand-held motor unit works on AC or DC.



AMONG the many minor irritants in our daily lives is marking the page of the book you're reading when called to other, less pleasant tasks. Turning down the page corner always leaves you with a guilty feeling and the attempted use of a traditional bookmark normally ends in losing not only your place but the elusive bookmark as well. Some inventive bookworm has solved the problem for all time and solved it well. It is a small metal bookmark that can be fastened to your book and stays fastened there until you've finished the volume. This bookmark has a hinged metal leaf that flips along with you as you turn the page and all you have to do to preserve your place when putting the book down is to close the book. The metal hinge is faithfully

present on exactly the page you last read. This tiny contraption will fit any size volume from *Anthony Adverse* to Evelyn Waugh's latest, slim book.

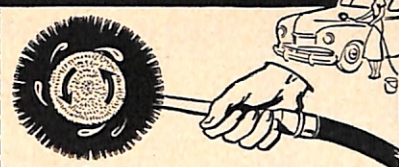


IF YOU ever have anything to carry, here is something to carry it in. It is a strange one-wheel device made of tubular steel and was originally designed to carry an outboard motor with the ease of a perfectly balanced wheelbarrow. The carrier also can be used as a stand for a motor to hold it in a vertical position for storing or to facilitate repairs. In addition to carrying motors it can be used to carry luggage, large boxes, a bushel basket, ice, a trash can, firewood and any number of other items. The weight of this handy carrier is only fifteen pounds. It has a semi-pneumatic ball bearing wheel so it can be used inside or outside the home with equal aplomb. It has an adjustable kick stand that can be lowered to any desired position to hold the carrier upright while you tie your shoelace. The handles are adjustable too and can be telescoped to fit the needs of the person using the carrier. All in all it is difficult to see how we have got along without this equipment in the all too strenuous yesteryears.



THERE is only one trouble with sun-glasses: they keep the sun out when you're looking at it but somehow sunlight always leaks in the sides along with dirt, cinders and other assorted foreign matter that heads straight for your unwary eye. This is particularly true on windy days, or whenever we wear sun-glasses. Here is a pair that should eliminate the intrusion of flying particles. These glasses, it is claimed, afford the wearer from 92 to 96 per cent more protection than ordinary sun-glasses. This remarkable statistic apparently is enabled to exist by the use of a semi-cup lens design

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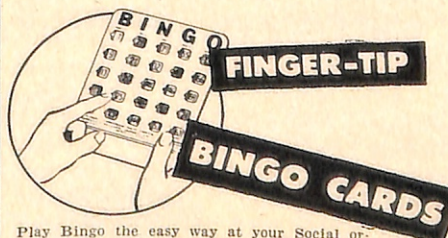
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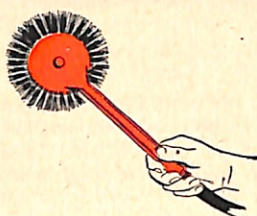
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that provides full protection at the sides and bottom of the glasses' normal lens. There is a narrow opening at the top to eliminate fogging of the glasses.



AMONG the more onerous chores known to man, particularly the Saturday afternoon man, is washing down the dusty jalopy in the driveway. This task, sometimes approached with false jovialty, soon becomes more tedious than it looked. Now, you can sneak up on the car with a new gadget and really get the business over in a few minutes. The item is a revolving brush that fits on the end of a garden hose and revolves with the help of the water pressure. A special washing solution can be used that helps mightily. With a rigid extension employed, many other things can be successfully and easily washed, too. Among the more common objects within reach of the three-foot extension are screens, windows, walls, floors, roofs, basements, boats, farm equipment, greenhouses, trucks, etc. And there's nothing better looking than a recently scrubbed, etc.

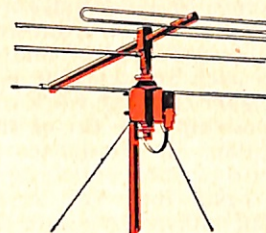
In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 17)

after the puppy teeth appear and then Mrs. Dog is going to leave those youngsters for longer and longer periods. The teeth of the pups will begin to hurt her and besides, in her wisdom, she knows that her family is approaching the time when it can take care of itself. At such time the pups can be introduced to solid food such as scrapings of beef, cereals, etc. The reason for the box having the high sides and back and at a later time, a high front is that when Mom leaves the family, they can straggle out after her and get in everybody's way, including their mother's. Inside the whelping box there should be built a flange of wood about three inches off the floor of the box and projecting into it about two inches. This should run around all inner sides and is designed to keep the lady from crushing any of the pups between her back and the interior walls of the box. If the flange isn't built the result may mean a suffocated pup or two.

For whelping bedding there is nothing better than a pad of old newspapers laid flat. These can be destroyed each day and are far more sanitary than almost anything you could employ. Don't use the dog's regular bedding or blanket, or any

IT IS sad but true that the time has come for the long-delayed "touching up" of screens, windows, etc. with a spot of white paint. The actual application of paint to frames, sills and so on is not too painful, but the removal of numerous errant spots of paint from glass and other painted woodwork can take all the joy out of the chore. To make your handiwork this spring look like that of a master painter, you might try some of this masking tape. All you do is brush it on carefully around the edge of the surface or area to be painted and when you're through applying the paint and it's dry, the masking tape peels right off.



TELEVISION, for better or for worse, is here to stay, apparently. Still an infant in many respects, it is a lusty and growing one. Reception on the set at home or in Johnny's Refreshment and Recreation Room can be enhanced by this recent improvement. It is an antenna rotator. With a control box at the television or FM set you can rotate the antenna to get the best reception available in your part of town.

other fabric, as they are impossible to keep clean and cleanliness is of great importance in the whelping and rearing of healthy puppies.

WHEN the pups arrive each is born enclosed in a skin sac which the mother will tear away with her teeth. This is instinctive with most mother dogs but once in a while we find a dog that has forgotten this instinct and then the attendant will have to act as midwife. If you happen to be elected to officiate here is what you'll need—a pair of blunt, sharp scissors, a pair of rubber gloves in case you have to assist the lady delivering her pups, and plenty of old, clean cloths.

If the mother doesn't tear the sac then you'd best cut it quickly or else puppy will smother. Then, too, the normal dog mother cuts the umbilical cord attaching the puppy to her, but if she doesn't seem to know how to do this the attendant should cut it. The cut should be made about three quarters of an inch away from the pup's stomach. It is dangerous to the pup to cut closer and unsightly if more than this length of cord is allowed to remain on the pup. Each puppy should be wiped dry and immediately restored to its mother. The

mother dog who takes care of her own whelping will lick the pups clean and take care of all other necessary business in connection with the event.

When the stork arrives don't get excited. Your excitement may be communicated to the mother and that won't help her at all.

When raising puppies I always tried to keep them for at least eight weeks as I believe that dogs younger than this should not be introduced into a new home, particularly if there are young children there. In fact, I tried to draw a deadline when it came to selling pups to a family

which included children and, when I could, did not let a pup of mine go into a home where the youngsters were less than eight or ten years old.

I agree that it's a fine thing for a child and dog to be brought up together but not when the child is too young, as even the most normal children may, at times, entirely without intention, maul a puppy. I deem it far better, if children are very young and the parents want a dog for them, to get a mature dog, one that is large enough to take care of itself, not by vicious resentment but simply by being big enough to break away and escape rough handling.

But One Life

(Continued from page 10)

"What does this paper mean?"

"I don't know. I found it—in the street."

Montresor finished writing. "Will you please sign this statement." He turned the sheet around and held out his pen. The young man signed readily. Montresor looked at his signature and then at the piece of paper. He smiled up at the prisoner. "I think General Howe will be interested in you."

The civilian said nothing.

Montresor stepped into the general's office. Shortly he reappeared to usher in the prisoner and his guard. In half an hour they came out. The captain was white-faced, but the prisoner looked unchanged. Montresor was ordered in. General Howe looked up at him soberly.

"His name is Hale," he said. "Nathan Hale. He is a captain in Knowlton's Rangers. He entered the city in disguise five days ago. He was trying to get out when he was apprehended. He admits to being a spy, and I believe he had a hand in setting the fires." Howe paused. "I have no alternative and he knows it. Will you notify the provost marshal for tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"This need not be on general parade. You will attend as witness. The prisoner may as well be confined here for the night. Try the greenhouse. I gave him permission to write letters." He paused again. "Spying's a nasty business."

Montresor waited a moment, then said, "Very well, sir," and withdrew.

His hope for weekend leave was dashed. He had no liking for the business ahead, but his habits of thought did not permit him to lament it or feel sorry for the victim. Soldiering was a profession, and war the sharpest practice of it. This rebel had volunteered to risk himself on a dangerous mission, knowing the penalty of failure. Stupidity or mischance or both had exposed him to capture. He knew what must follow as clearly as General Howe knew he must order it. Montresor could think of nothing more to say to himself on the subject.

The greenhouse was perhaps the size of a large drawing room. It had a shingle roof, but broad windows of many small panes reached from the floor to the eaves on all sides. It had not been used that summer. When Montresor went out to it later with writing materials, he found two guards posted, one of whom unlocked the door for him. In the bright interior he observed a litter of bags and baskets, two chairs, a work table, and several long tray tables holding dried, grayish soil. The air was close and smelled of earth. The prisoner was seated at the work table, but got to his feet.

"Thank you, Captain—"

"Montresor, of Montresor's Island, East River."

"Captain Montresor."

THEY stood looking at each other easily. Of equal rank, they were almost opposites in appearance. Montresor was resplendent in his long red coat, white trousers, and black boots.

"How old are you, boy?"

"Twenty-one, sir."

"I was an engineer at Fort Edward in the French War at your age. And you're a captain?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" Montresor smiled. "I should be in your army. I would be a field marshal!"

"Sir?"

"I was a lieutenant at your age, and I remained a lieutenant for seventeen years. I am forty years old and have been a captain only four years."

"Well, sir, our army is new—you see—"

Montresor lightly waved aside his explanation. "I have the misfortune, Captain, to be only a talented engineer. And as part of your military education, however brief, you must have learned that the Corps of Engineers is the despised stepchild of the British Army. That is why I am just a captain—that and my lack of powerful friends at court."

Hale smiled. "We could use more engineers certainly."

(Continued on page 52)



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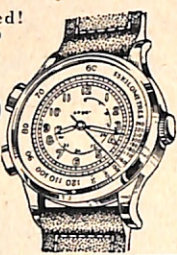
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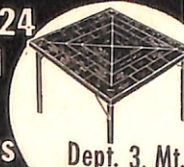
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"Young man, are you inciting me to treason?" Montresor mocked him.

"Not unless you are open to suggestion."

"Hah! Well said! But I am hardly tempted to join an army that is disintegrating. I am gratified that you, a non-professional officer, can recognize the importance of engineers. That makes you more discerning than General Howe."

Hale showed his astonishment at this frank criticism of the British commander. Montresor held up one hand in admonition.

"General Howe is an old woman, as the Indians say. There is no need for mincing words with you. He is surrounded by courtiers instead of staff officers. He would lose this war if he were fighting anyone but colonial militia."

Hale shook his head soberly. "He will lose it because he and you and all the others don't understand what you are fighting. This isn't a rebellion of discontented subjects. You are fighting a foreign country, a new nation!"

Montresor was intrigued. The fellow was not stupid. "What about the Loyalists?"

"They are a minority. They stand for privilege, not equality. America is not for them."

Montresor smiled indulgently at the earnest young man. "I see you are an ardent disciple of Mr. Common Sense. I shall not argue political philosophy with you. I build my castles of stone and mortar. Good evening, Captain. I shall wait on you in the morning."

Hale swallowed with effort. "Thank you for coming, sir."

GENERAL HOWE had left when Montresor returned. His secretary said he was being entertained this evening—and winked broadly. Montresor wondered how long this round of parties would interrupt the war. He went to an upstairs room to write to his wife and sat down before a mahogany desk. Laying out paper, he dipped his quill and then hesitated. Always when he wrote to Frances the right words eluded him. Today as usual he resorted to beginning: "My dearest," in his exquisite draftsman's hand.

Twelve years married, six children, and yet he felt as awkward as a schoolboy when he addressed her in a letter. Whatever he had accomplished professionally, whatever disappointments he had suffered, she was at once his highest achievement and his brightest consolation. None of his brother officers guessed that. Oh, he knew how they regarded him and how they mocked him behind his back. If he was embittered by his failure to secure higher rank, it was not mere conceit, but disappointment in not being able to show his wife such a mark of professional merit. He was outspoken in his comments on military affairs, he knew, because of his ingrained regard for competence. He even admired a competent rascal.

"You're a hard judge of men," Frances had told him once.

But long service in America had shown him that the British army was sick with incompetent officers, men who had attained rank by politics, marriage, wealth. Montresor sighed and started to write. He would not mention the rebel spy to Frances; she did not always see such things as sharply and simply as he did.

Next morning the provost marshal, Captain Cunningham, and four soldiers did not reach headquarters until after nine o'clock. General Howe was still in bed; however, no further orders were needed. Montresor met the swarthy Cunningham and found him his usual unctuous self.

"Where is the execution to be?" he asked.

"Across from the artillery park, in Rutgers' orchard," Cunningham answered, smiling. "Closest place."

"Is everything ready?"

"Of course. Where is the despicable culprit?"

Montresor looked at him contemptuously and started out of the house. Cunningham followed. They went around to the greenhouse. The guard saluted and unlocked the door.

"Rather a luxurious jail," Cunningham commented.

"Yes," Montresor agreed briskly. "Quite in contrast to that pest hole you maintain."

The insult kept Cunningham outside while Montresor stepped in.

"Good morning, Captain," he greeted Hale.

"Good morning."

The young man's voice was clear but expressionless. He was standing and appeared drawn, as if he had slept little, but he had control of himself. They stood a moment in silence.

"Is that a clergyman outside?" Hale asked.

Montresor had not thought of that detail. No doubt Cunningham had taken care of it. "No, it is the provost marshal. I believe you will find a clergyman at—the place where we are going."

Hale looked down. Then he raised his eyes and extended his hand. "May I give you these letters to dispatch?" He held out three papers folded and sealed.

"Certainly," Montresor slipped them into a pocket of his red coat. "Now I'm afraid we must go."

Hale moved a step, looked around himself at the incongruous furnishings, and then walked out the door, Montresor following. Cunningham's four guards had come up and they formed around him. Montresor fell into step behind the party beside Cunningham. Hale was the only one among them bareheaded. They walked in silence out to the post road and turned north. It was about three-quarters of a mile to the artillery park.

When Cunningham broke the silence he sounded as oily and affable as ever.

"I nearly forgot, Montresor. Here's

a return the general asked for. Officers among the rebel prisoners. Two generals. Not bad, eh?" He handed over a paper which Montresor absently put into his pocket. "The common soldiers are a damned unruly lot. Rabble. They get stirred up by the damndest small things. I've had three petitions already! They'll make an issue out of nothing. But bread an' water'll bring 'em around. Nothing like an empty belly to change the mind, I always say."

An hour later, when Montresor turned in the lane to headquarters alone, the duty was done. Perhaps now he could obtain leave for the rest of Sunday. He entered the house, rapped on the door of Howe's office, and was summoned. The general was slumped in his chair before the writing table. He was red-eyed and sullen, his nervous hands toying with a quill. Montresor laid a paper before him.

"Captain Cunningham's return of rebel officers our prisoners, sir, listed by rank and name."

Howe stirred himself, picked up the report eagerly and broke the seal, as if he were glad to find some small thing to do.

"Um-m. You will hold yourself in readiness to visit rebel headquarters under a flag of truce. I intend to open negotiations for an exchange of prisoners as soon as possible."

Montresor was astounded. "What—already, sir?"

"What do you mean, 'already'? I am dealing with a rebellion, Captain, and you will remember that I am empowered to end it by negotiation or by force. An exchange of prisoners is a gesture that will impress the people with our humanitarianism and conciliatory spirit." He smiled as if it pained him. "You're almost an American. Do you not agree?"

Montresor knew he was not actually being consulted, but he was no bootlicker. "I agree that the gesture is handsome of you, sir. The rebels need their officers much more than they need our prisoners. However, I have some misgivings about the stories the rebel prisoners may tell of our treatment of them."

"What do you mean?"

Montresor shrugged. "I have grown a little better acquainted with the provost marshal this morning, and I must candidly admit that he does not improve on closer scrutiny." He tapped Hale's letters on his knuckles.

Howe's rebuke was sharp, yet spoken mildly. "Captain Cunningham is considered a useful officer in the service, and occupies a position not easily filled. How did he carry out his duty this morning?"

"Crudely, and with evident pleasure. There was no scaffold. He denied the prisoner a clergyman or even a Bible. I remonstrated with him over this reflection on British—"

"I'm not interested in your remonstrances," Howe interrupted. "The prisoner was a spy and received the

punishment reserved for spies. Did he have anything to say? Those are his letters, I presume?"

"Yes, sir," Montresor dropped them on the table. "He said very little. He was extraordinarily calm and resigned to his fate. Very soldierlike. At the end he seemed to be proud to die for his country."

There was a short, deep silence. Howe's small eyes were fixed on Montresor, his mouth had sagged open, but his face was growing even more flushed.

"His country!" he exploded. "His country! The fool! Britain is his country! He's a colonial citizen of Great Britain! Couldn't he see that? These damned, blind rebels! They're not a nation. They're spoiled, stubborn, ungrateful subjects of His Majesty!" His glance fell on the three letters on the table, and he scooped them up. "I tell you, I won't have their lying propaganda spread abroad!" With that, he turned in his chair and threw the letters into the fireplace behind him. Montresor opened his mouth, but Howe was too quick. "Get out, Captain!"

Montresor turned on his heel and left. He was furious, feeling himself insulted by Howe's repudiation of his own promise and the consequent betrayal of trust accorded him by Hale. He had too little respect for Howe to be disillusioned by his nasty temper; rather he was sorry for Hale's family, but there was nothing he could do.

At lunch Howe was in a more genial mood and motioned for Montresor to follow him when he rose from the table. In his office the general apparently had forgotten his morning outburst.

"I have written two letters to Mr. Washington," he began. "General Washington, I believe he insists on being called. Remember that, Captain." Howe smiled broadly as if he were indulging a servant in some whim. "The first letter protests the inhumanity of the rebels in setting fire to the city. The second proposes a joint commission for an exchange of prisoners. Rather a nice contrast in action, I think. Take a sergeant or two and horse's. You need not wait for a reply unless one is offered at once. Besides," he coughed, "I am entertaining this evening and do not wish to be disturbed. You may return by way of Horn's Hook and spend the night at your home, if you wish."

"Thank you, sir, I will!" Montresor beamed. He knew now that the general regretted his display of temper.

"Ah—yes. And my compliments to your charming lady."

Montresor bowed.

"And, Captain," the general added. "I need not suggest that you keep your eyes and ears open at rebel headquarters."

"I understand, your Excellency." "Very good. Report to me tomorrow at noon."

Montresor withdrew happily. What
(Continued on page 54)

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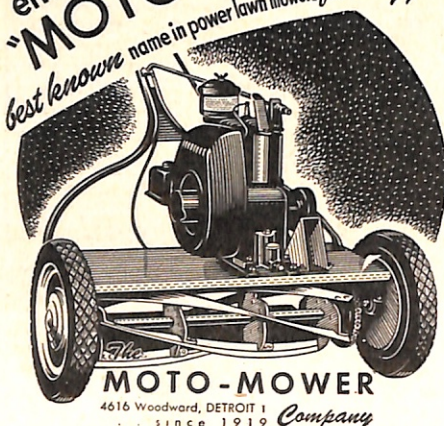
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luck! He might even dine at home. Horses were ordered and a sergeant detached, while Montresor packed a saddle bag. Then they mounted and headed up the post road, passing the artillery park at a gallop. Montresor looked opposite for the apple tree and found it from the trampled grass beneath. He could visualize again the lonely figure atop the ladder, wanting so earnestly to be understood.

Less than a mile beyond they passed through the first of three divisions encamped across the road. At the final outpost of British authority, the sergeant tied Montresor's kerchief to a stick, and they trotted out on the neutral ground toward the rebel lines. They rode perhaps a mile in nervous silence. A clump of trees crowded the road rising just ahead. Montresor pointed. The sergeant nodded. They reined their horses to a walk. As they came even with the trees, a patrol of militiamen jumped out with muskets raised.

"Halt!" a voice called. "Who goes—whaddye want with thet flag?"

Montresor smiled as he stopped his horse. "Captain Montresor, aide-de-camp to General Howe, with dispatches for General Washington."

The rebel sergeant advanced slowly. From out of the trees came an officer on the run.

"Lessee them things," the sergeant demanded.

Montresor reached inside his coat for his wallet and extracted the letters as the officer came up.

"I'm Lieutenant Harvey, commanding this post," he announced in a boyish voice. To the sergeant he said, "I'll take care of the gentleman, Johnson. That was good work." Then he looked up again at Montresor and reached for the proffered letters. Montresor watched his lips sound out the syllables of the address and the bearer's name.

"Are you the Captain Montresor who owns the island?" he asked brightly.

"Yes, Lieutenant."
"Oh. I live in Westchester." The boy didn't know what to do next. He handed back the letters. "Maybe I should escort you to the lines, and turn you over to somebody else."

"That would be most kind of you," Montresor assured him.

Lieutenant Harvey seemed pleased that a British officer approved of his action. "Wait till I get my horse then." He turned to his sergeant. "You're in command, Johnson, till I get back." And away he ran into the grove for his horse.

Montresor replaced his wallet, smiling to himself. The unmilitary bearing of the lieutenant was not what amused him so much as the enthusiasm of the youth and the pride he took in being an officer. It was the same sort of pride Hale had shown, a curious self-assurance of being on the right side. This Lieutenant Harvey, for instance, would probably understand exactly what Hale meant by his final words—if he heard them.

Harvey joined them on a farm horse, and they resumed their journey northward. Stared at, commented upon, passed from hand to hand, Montresor observed the motley rebel troops, half-uniformed, ill-equipped, their camps sprawled out, themselves dirty and discouraged by steady retreat. "Well, sir, our army is new," Hale had explained. New and non-professional and temporary; here competence was an ideal rather than a qualification. Yet these men must have been drawn from their farms and trades because of a powerful faith in—in what? Montresor wondered if they knew as clearly as Hale did, or would another push from below scatter them?

It was late afternoon when the escort left them before headquarters in Loyalist Colonel Morris' magnificent country manor overlooking the Harlem River. Montresor smiled in anticipation of joking with Morris over the new and uninvited guests at his mansion. A handsome young officer, faultlessly dressed in blue coat and buff breeches, hurried out on to the pillared front porch as they dismounted. He saluted smartly.

"Captain Hamilton, at your service. Won't you come in? I'll send your man around with the horses, until you are ready for them."

"Thank you, Captain," Montresor acknowledged. He introduced himself. "I am ordered only to deliver some dispatches to General Washington personally. I expect to start my return journey shortly."

"Won't you dine with us, Captain Montresor?" Hamilton asked as they walked across the porch.

"No—but thank you, captain. I have been given leave to spend the night at home and naturally I—"

"Of course, sir. I understand. General Washington is conferring with an officer, but I am sure they will not be closeted long."

They stepped into a broad hallway and turned into a richly furnished reception room. Two other officers rose at once.

"Gentlemen," Hamilton announced, "may I present Captain Montresor from British headquarters! General Putnam—and Captain Hull."

Montresor bowed in turn. So this was Old Put, the tavern keeper from Connecticut, the fat, stupid general at Long Island. Montresor had first heard his name in the old French War, but never had he met him. Young Hull, of course, was a complete stranger.

"Please sit down, gentlemen," Hamilton said. "After his ride, I am sure Captain Montresor could do with some ale."

He stepped out into the hall and spoke an order. The three officers found chairs, but an embarrassed silence fell over them. An orderly brought in a decanter and glasses, and Hamilton poured. He served the three of them and himself.

"How are Generals Sullivan and Stirling?" Putnam asked.

"Quite well." Montresor smiled. "We were disappointed in not being

able to take you along with them." The stiffness evaporated with this exchange. They were four soldiers who could speak impersonally of the war.

"Your men nearly had me once," Putnam admitted.

"We should have had all of you," Montresor continued, sipping his drink, "but for that masterful retreat across the river during the night. Speaking as an engineer, I think General Washington should be congratulated on that movement."

Hamilton smiled his pleasure at this compliment to his commander. "I think we evacuated New York in able fashion, too."

"No, you were too slow," Montresor argued. "You were successful only because we were slower. A painful performance on our part, which I shall not discuss. But where do you end this retreat?"

But they were not to be drawn into revelations.

"New York is of no particular value to us," Putnam said.

"So I gathered," Montresor drained his glass. "Is that why you tried to burn it?"

Putnam stiffened. Hull and Hamilton sat up straight.

"Stuff and nonsense, captain," Putnam mumbled. "General Washington considered it, but the Congress overruled him."

"Nevertheless, the fire was set," Montresor insisted. "It broke out in several places at once. Our troops caught some of the incendiaries in the act and shot them. We thought we had the ringleader last night. An officer of yours from Connecticut."

At those words Hull leaned forward. "What is his name, sir?"

"Captain Hale," Montresor replied. "A prepossessing young man, I must admit."

"Did he say he had anything to do with the fires?" Hamilton asked quickly.

Montresor smiled. "As a matter of fact he denied it. But he was in civilian clothes and trying to get out of the city, and we found a most damaging paper on him."

Ominous silence followed his words. He sensed the growing tension. Captain Hull seemed to be making a tremendous effort to speak.

"What did you do with him?" he asked in a strained voice.

Montresor regarded the young officer. "Surely you are aware of the penalty for spying. He was hanged this morning."

Hamilton sucked in his breath audibly. Old Put clasped and unclasped his hands. The shocked silence grew oppressive. Hull dropped his head.

"You knew him?" Montresor asked.

Hull nodded. "We shared a room at Yale College. He was my best friend."

Montresor, who was rarely embarrassed, felt distinctly uneasy. "I'm sorry, captain. I can assure you he died very bravely. I had to be a witness."

Hull raised his stricken face. "Will you tell us about it?"

Briefly, Montresor related Hale's capture and confession, his confinement overnight and execution. He was not fluent because he kept thinking of the naive young lieutenant who had stopped him, the tired soldiers he had passed on the way, and Hale's challenge to join them. From out of the kaleidoscope of his memory he heard Hull's voice again, gently prompting him.

"Did he leave any message? Did he say anything at the end?"

"Yes, he spoke for a moment, after he reached the scaffold," Montresor was ashamed to say later, just as he had avoided exposing Howe's pettiness over the letters. But now how much should he tell? These men had Hale's quality of making you feel guilty if you did not act up to their expectations. "He announced his name and rank and said he was taken while carrying out the orders of his commander-in-chief, which should entail no disgrace." Gazing at the wall beyond, Montresor felt rather than saw the three pairs of eyes boring into him. It was not as casual a matter as it had been this morning, when he had reported to Howe. Damn Howe, anyway, for destroying those letters! If he could have delivered them, he wouldn't have to render this accounting. He recrossed his legs and shifted in his chair.

"Please be exact as you can," Hamilton begged quietly.

Montresor was questioning his obligations. To these men, of course, Hale was no enemy spy; he was a fellow officer and apparently a revered friend. To him, Hale was—well, by God, he was at least a man! His peculiar faith had given him dignity right through to the end.

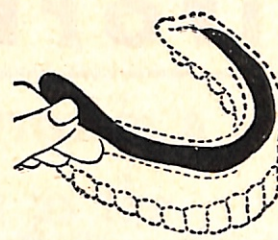
"He was extraordinarily poised and calm," Montresor resumed in the stillness, "and refused a blindfold. His last words made a very soldierly valedictory. He said—he said, 'My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country!'"

Hamilton jumped to his feet as if in reflexive action. Putnam muttered something, either a curse or a prayer. Hull sat frozen to his chair. As Montresor looked from one to another, the enormity of what he had done began to engulf him. Hamilton was the first to speak, but Montresor guessed what he would say before he heard the confirmation.

"These words shall be made known throughout the United States!" he declared. "They shall be a rallying cry for patriots!"

Yes, exactly. Montresor grimly realized he had given "aid and comfort" to the enemy, had perhaps completed part of Hale's mission for him! Well, so he had. But the initial shock was already passing from his mind, ejected by a secondary, personal stroke, a blinding insight. What of his own easy judgment of men as competent or incompetent? Frances had warned him. How now label a man like Hale? Or these men—or the whole rebel side! . . .

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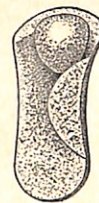
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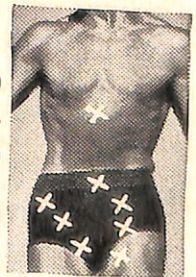
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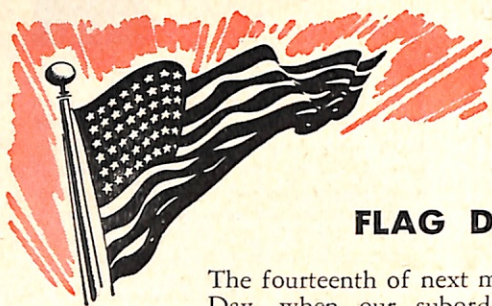
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BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 123-B State St., Marshall, Mich.

editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS



FLAG DAY

The fourteenth of next month will be Flag Day, when our subordinate lodges will assemble to observe a mandatory ceremony of the Order. This particular June 14, in the face of the tragedy which holds the world's stage today, may be the most significant Flag Day our country has ever known "as a day of rededication of those principles of humanity and citizenship which constitute the foundations of the Republic."

To the Elk every day is Flag Day, but the annual celebration in honor of our national banner offers the members of the Order and the people of the communities the opportunity to reaffirm in their hearts their allegiance to the Flag and to the principles for which it stands.

It is the duty of every subordinate lodge to celebrate the day with appropriate public exercises, and for this purpose a program for its observance will be found in the Ritual of Special Services. It is earnestly suggested that other fraternal and patriotic organizations be invited to join in the services, and the participation of school children and Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts is particularly desirable. It is strongly hoped that the program will be followed as adequately and effectively as possible, by each subordinate lodge.

There are the strongest possible reasons why this day should be specially observed, with more than customary zeal and enthusiasm, in this fateful year of 1949. For we know that, in this world rent asunder by conflicting ideologies, the Flag of the United States is a symbol for *all* the Western World.



CLEVELAND 1949

Next July, the City of Cleveland will welcome to the shores of Lake Erie the Grand Lodge body of a Fraternity which has kept pace with the vigorous strides of this leading metropolis since the day on which the official Twenty-sixth Session to order at the last convention held in that city in Case Hall on July 8th, 1890.

Since that notable session, the Order of Elks has grown from a membership of 13,067 to over 950,000. It has increased its charitable expenditures from \$13,131.74 for the year ended March 31, 1890, to the current rate of approximately \$6 million a year. Its lodges have multiplied from 156 to 1516, and the assets of our lodges have mounted from \$256,133.43 at the debut of the nineties to the \$180,381,479.89 total shown in the Grand Secretary's last report.

Under the leadership of the Grand Lodge, our Order pro-

vided for its aged brethren a substantial home, nestled at the foot of the protective Blue Ridge Mountains on a one-hundred acre tract in the verdant, rolling countryside of Bedford, Virginia. It erected our magnificent Elks Memorial Building in Chicago as a tribute to Elks who served in both world wars and as a majestic monument to those members who made the supreme sacrifice in those conflicts. It created the Elks National Foundation, a fund which increases steadily and becomes a greater power for good in assisting worthy students, in helping the sick, in restoring crippled children, and in many other praiseworthy services to our people. It made signal contributions to the welfare of men in uniform in the two great wars, both by tendering material gifts and by performing valuable services on the home front and providing warm fraternal contacts to sustain morale. It offered thoughtful postwar assistance to wounded veterans of both wars, and continues to this day its active concern for the comfort and well-being of servicemen recuperating in veterans' hospitals. Midway in the interval between the Cleveland Conventions, it established a national publication for the interchange of ideas and the stimulation of the wonderful patriotic, fraternal, charitable activities of our lodges.

The years since that meeting in Case Hall have registered a fruitful span in the progress of both host city and fraternal guest. We can only hope that the period to elapse between this and the next succeeding reunion, which we trust will prove a shorter cycle, marks an equal measure of achievement for both.



AN ELK FAMILY

The photograph of the Powell family reproduced in this issue is one which will be regarded by every member of our Order with warm interest. It is a group picture of six brothers and their eight sons, all members of Longmont, Colorado Lodge No. 1055.

From our viewpoint, the chief significance in this picture is the genuine tribute paid by the Powell family to our Order. We see in the fact that the six brothers all became affiliated with Longmont Lodge and later encouraged their sons to become members, a signal example of the endorsement of our Order—its organization, its ideals, its accomplishments—by the members themselves.

This representation of a family bound by close ties of membership in our Order offers welcome reassurances that, despite the claims from some quarters, strong family units exist in our country today. We point to it proudly as proof that the American family is not, as some proclaim, on the verge of disintegration. We shall remember, for many months to come, this visual proof that the influence of the Elks on the family life in America is to bring the family into closer units through participation in the activities and objectives of our Order.

The Magazine shares the pride exhibited by the officers of Longmont Lodge in presenting this photograph and we know that we may express on behalf of members everywhere hearty congratulations to the lodge on having such a splendid family group among its membership.

HERE'S A CHALLENGE...

To Community Leaders for service in a Program that is as American as the **FOURTH OF JULY** and as **LOCAL AS MAIN STREET**

You and I, and our friends and neighbors down the street, own \$47½ billion worth of U. S. Savings Bonds, the finest, safest investment in the world. We are shareholders in the greatest and strongest Nation on earth—and this Nation must remain strong,—for it is the hope on earth for free men everywhere.

The strength of this Nation lies in its people, its homes, its communities. You and I, as Community Leaders, can render no greater service than to make sure this Nation remains so strong that Americanism will be the dominant "ism" to flourish here.

HOW?

FIRST By buying more U. S. Savings Bonds ourselves.

SECOND By offering the Payroll Savings Plan to our employees.

THIRD By including Savings Bond advertising in our advertising schedules.

FOURTH By placing our talents and capacities at the disposition of our local U. S. Savings Bonds Committees—not waiting to be asked to serve—but, discharging true leadership responsibilities, let us volunteer to serve, to lead, to achieve.



A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "George I. Hall".

GEORGE I. HALL
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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